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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

PARLIAMENT has met in an atmosphere of greatly increased political tension. What is the Government doing about the situation at home and abroad? The answer in the international sphere is made clearer by the publication of the British rearmament proposals. We doubt whether France or Germany will be pleased with British "mediation." England refuses any further security pledge to France. As for Germany, which is rearming in any case, will Hitler be impressed with an argument that he must not have tanks of more than six tons? A British tank of sixteen tons is defined as defensive: a German of more than six is apparently offensive. Worse still, instead of fastening on the proposals for abolishing military aircraft and internationalising civil, the British proposals merely concern themselves with the extent of German military development in two years' time. In other fields even the Conservative rank and file is becoming restive with the delay in the trade negotiations with Russia which are held up first by the Lena Goldfields dispute and then by irrelevancies about the victualling of the British Embassy in Moscow. At home the fact in the mind of every M.P., whatever his party, is the growing restlessness in poverty-stricken areas. It is significant that the first serious Parliamentary skirmish with the Government has arisen over its unemployment insurance proposals.

The Tory Revolt

The revolt this week was a revolt of the "progressive" Conservatives against the meanest kind of economy. Previous revolts have come from the extreme Right—from Mr. Churchill, Mr. Amery, and Lord Lloyd. But the revolt over the Unemployment Insurance Bill has come from the group sometimes familiarly known as the "Tory Y.M.C.A."; and thirty-one Conservatives, six Simonites, and three "National Labour" Members were ready to vote against the Government on the question of raising the children's allowance from 2*s.* to 3*s.* a week. We are not at all minded to join those who sneer at the rebels on the ground that they have their eye on their constituencies. Of course they have; for who have not? But in the main those who voted for the amendment to raise the allowance did so because they were honestly disgusted at a scale of payment which condemns the children of many thousands of the workless to serious undernourishment. The Government knew that the revolt was coming; the amendment was put down weeks ago. But it refused to give way, and the Prime Minister was among those who voted against the amendment. The battle is not over. The amendment will be put down again for the

Report stage of the Bill; and there is still some hope that Mr. Neville Chamberlain may be induced to think again, even though Mr. MacDonald has this week told the L.C.C. that the time has not yet come to restore the "cuts" of 1931.

Genuinely Seeking Work?

The division on the children's allowances showed the Government pretty clearly which way the wind was blowing; and Tuesday's debate found the Minister of Labour in a more accommodating mood. Under the Bill, it was proposed to put back what was virtually the old "not genuinely seeking work" provision which led to so much trouble a few years ago. This provision was abolished in the end because no one could defend it; and the attempt to put it back was the worst feature in the Bill. Warned by what happened on Monday, the Government suddenly turned tail and fled, withdrawing the obnoxious clause and putting up instead a form of words which appears to leave the position of claimants to benefit pretty much where it has been since the Labour Government revised the provision in 1930. The exact meaning of the Minister's new draft, which was sprung upon the Committee without notice, is not yet clear; but there is no doubt that he has given way to a very large extent. Further small concessions have also been made since Monday's revolt. Children's allowances are to continue to sixteen, for children still at school: a valuable but, from the Government standpoint, inexpensive concession. Clearly there will be a good many more struggles before the Bill is through; but the rigid time-table is causing many amendments to be passed over, leaving more work to be done at the Report stage. No amendment is likely to make the Bill a good Bill; but if the rebels stick to their guns they are probably strong enough to eliminate some of the worst features—above all to get the children's allowance raised. Not that 3*s*. is enough; but it is a fifty per cent. improvement on 2*s*.

Hitler's Anniversary

On Tuesday was celebrated the first anniversary of Hitler's nomination to the Chancellorship. One heard on the wireless the singing and marching of innumerable crowds, while the announcer reverently described every movement of the Leader, and depicted for listeners his set, earnest, hard-working countenance. His oration before the Reichstag in Kroll's Opera House was in his more emotional manner. His voice seemed hoarse and thick, as if he were almost mastered by tense feeling, and all his high effects drew prolonged cheers. Though his mood, when he dwelt on the unity of the German people, suggested at moments a triumphant serenity, he broke continually, in raised discordant tones, into threats—occasionally against Communists, but more angrily still against Monarchists. He dwelt on the egoism of German royal houses in the past, and declared that "the final form of the German Reich is now beyond any discussion." There was a bitter reference to Catholics who oppose the sterilisation of those whom the Nazis consider unfit. The Protestant opposition (which tends to be Monarchist) was sternly told that politics have been banished from the Church, as party from the Reich. Finally, the Führer exulted in retrospect over all his opponents together. "Where it was necessary we have hurled back the foe with brutal hands. Ruthlessly we have proceeded against those who put their interests above the nation." This "ruthlessness" is now turned also against the Monarchists. Göring has banned all Monarchist associations, and two of his dissenting Berlin pastors have been beaten up with due "brutality."

A Centralised Reich

After hearing the Führer's oration, the Reichstag promptly transacted its business and adjourned. In these few seconds it destroyed the German federation which Bismarck built. The Bill of six short clauses was passed silently and unanimously; Göring called out the numbers of the paragraphs; everyone rose and all was over. The Bill abolishes the sovereignty of the States and transfers it to the Reich: their governors (Statthalter) are subject to the Reich Minister of the Interior, and they in turn appoint and dismiss the State Ministries. The Reich may alter the State Constitutions. This is, of course, simply a description on paper of the centralised totalitarian Reich that already exists, in which all power emanates from the Leader. It is, however, a much more moderate plan than the Nazis originally contemplated. They had meant to break up the old historical units which reflected chiefly the achievements of princely families in consolidating their hereditary estates. In their place some ethnographical demarcation of the old German stocks was to have been attempted. This radical plan has evidently been discarded: the old units which follow neither economic nor racial lines will survive.

M. Daladier Comes Back

Stavisky's ghost has at last upset the Chautemps Ministry. After an interval, in which M. Herriot seemed a possibility, the choice has fallen on M. Daladier. His team contains several young and inexperienced men, and it has been composed without the formal approval of the groups to which they belong. M. Fabry, who takes the War Office, has been expelled from the Tardieu group to which he belonged. M. Frot at the Interior, who will have to clean up the much-criticised police, is thought to be a good appointment, as also M. Cot at the Air Ministry. But when one reads that both the Socialist groups have refused their support, it seems unlikely that the Ministry can live. Its chief significance may lie in the disappearance from the Quai d'Orsay of the inevitable M. Paul Boncour, for M. Daladier has taken that office on himself. This confirms the general belief that M. Daladier is ready to meet Hitler half-way in friendly negotiations, on the basis, of course, of a large measure of German rearmament. This would be acceptable to the armaments International.

The $ and the £

President Roosevelt maintains his reputation for acting swiftly and unexpectedly. On Wednesday he suddenly took action under the new Gold Act to fix the value of the dollar in terms of gold and at the same time announced his intention of buying at the new price not only gold mined in the United States, but foreign gold as well. This means that the United States is now back on a sort of revived gold standard, so that the new dollar price of gold will presumably be effective on the foreign exchanges as the previous price, for American-mined gold only, was not. But this development does not mean that America

has come back to the gold standard in anything like its old form. For President Roosevelt, in fixing the gold value of the dollar, has also reserved power to vary it at any time. Whether he means actually to vary it has still to be seen; but the power is there. Under the new conditions negotiations between the United States and Great Britain may be expected immediately; for America has now her own Exchange Equalisation Fund, and it would be obviously disastrous for the two funds to be operated in opposition.

The Quota War

Mr. Runciman, not contented with the concessions made by the French in the dispute over import quotas, has delivered an ultimatum threatening reprisals against French exports unless the British quotas are at once restored to 100 per cent. all round. This was a surprisingly brusque method of proceeding; for the French had already given way to a considerable extent—completely over coal, and largely over cotton goods, which were the chief source of trouble. It is true that Mr. Runciman's chief complaint is of discrimination against British goods, on the ground that the quotas allowed to the United States and Belgium have been restored to their full amount. But the French argue that in both these cases concessions were made to France in return for the restoration of the quotas; and though these concessions were small, the French hold that they do establish a principle which justifies the differentiation. If Mr. Runciman would make even a token concession, they would readily restore the British quotas to the full amount. But, ready as we are to be-quota others, Mr. Runciman does not like to have us be-quotaed ourselves. So he has got on his high horse, and made it very difficult for France to give way, even if she wants to. Perhaps the change of Government in France will make further negotiations possible; but Mr. Runciman seems, even if the quotas are objectionable, to have handled the question with singular lack of tact.

Uncontrolled Capitalism

The speeches made on Tuesday at the dinner of the London Iron and Steel Exchange were important as well as amusing. The guest was Mr. Colville, of the Department of Overseas Trade, the chairman Sir William Firth, of the Institute, and the other chief speaker Mr. Charles Mitchell, of Dorman Long, who is chairman of the committee which is now supposed to be reorganising the industry in accordance with the pledge given to the Government in exchange for the present high tariff on imports. Sir William Firth, speaking from the standpoint of the exporters, was quite frank about the effects of the so-called plan of reorganisation now before the industry. He agreed that it would increase profits, by cutting out competition in the home market; but he entirely denied that it would reduce costs of production, or help exports, or even allow the present low exports to be retained. He demanded State control of the industry, as the only means of pushing through any real reorganisation. Mr. Mitchell, in reply, said he disagreed with 99.9 per cent. of what Sir William Firth had said, and strongly denounced Government interference, saying in effect that all the industry wanted from the Government was the continuance of the high tariff protection now enjoyed. Mr. Colville, caught between the disputants, was content with saying that he so hoped the industry would reorganise itself properly, as it has promised to do. It will be observed that Mr. Mitchell, in repudiating Sir William Firth, did not answer his arguments, or say anything to show that the employers do mean to carry out any real reorganisation of the industry, or do more than set up a cartel to hold up prices in the home market.

Science and Government

The President of the British Association at its meetings last summer laid special stress on the relations—or their absence—between science and government. The Parliamentary Science Committee, formed soon afterwards, has now announced some of the means which it proposes to adopt for strengthening the link. Among these are the examination, in conjunction with the appropriate bodies, of Bills which involve the application of scientific method, to discover if the claims of science have been given adequate consideration and to make representations where they have not; the discussion of motions in both Houses on scientific matters in their application to economic policy and national well-being; and the arrangement of addresses by eminent scientists to the chief Parliamentary Committees. Such a plan of campaign, though sound enough as a beginning, is likely to have but little effect by itself in forcing the claims of science. The Government itself ought clearly to take the initiative in enlisting the aid of science in a world where the application of the scientific method to what is still called the "art" of government is becoming more plainly everyday a *sine qua non* of sound legislation. There is hardly a problem of economics or sociology the solution of which is not being held up for lack of research and the scientific approach.

Nursery Schools and Rehousing

The Nursery School Association of Great Britain has addressed communications of some importance to the directors of education and the chairmen of municipal housing and town-planning committees. To the directors of education it points out the need of eliminating the physical defects contracted during pre-school years which undermine the efficiency and greatly increase the cost of the subsequent school medical service; and this being so, it urges the importance of making provision for nursery schools in any plans for new districts which are being prepared, even though the opening of such schools may be at the moment impracticable. To the chairmen of housing committees it emphasises the high degree of co-operation hitherto achieved between nursery schools and the homes they serve, and the special value of this service to families who will be moving out of slum conditions to new ways of living. For this reason such schools should be within easy reach of the children's homes, and this again underlines the need of the reservation of sites at the outset. The nursery school, it is added, should be conceived as a normal feature of the requirements of every group of houses, and until money can be found to provide one, the reserved site can be used as a public playground. This sounds simple common sense.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½.; Canada, 1d.

IS IT PEACE?

WE do not see why we should join in the general game of self-deception about Hitler's foreign policy. If his speech and the German-Polish pact really involved a renunciation of Germany's less reasonable territorial ambitions, it would indeed be a cause for rejoicing and a step towards peace. But that is one of the things that people believe because they very much want to believe them. The evidence points in the opposite direction. Hitler's foreign policy has been clear from the beginning. The map of the greater Germany which is to be won for the Teutonic race is plastered all over Germany and impressed on the mind of every German school child. It includes the Polish corridor, Austria, Silesia, the Saar, Schleswig, German Switzerland, and, in the less tactful maps, Alsace-Lorraine and the lost colonies. In order to realise this ambition Germany must be strong and she must avoid attack until she is fully armed. When she is fully armed she will fight if she cannot get her own way without fighting. Of course Hitler wants war no more than anyone else—if he can get his own way without it. If other people give in without a struggle, so much the better.

After a year in power he may well look round and congratulate himself on his success. The wave of anger that arose when he first threatened the frontiers of Poland, Austria, Switzerland and Schleswig has toned down into a mood not far removed from resignation. That is the secret of a conscientious *Machtpolitiker's* success. The rabbits of Europe are fascinated, immobilised by the Nazi stoat. There only remains the swallowing. Who would have believed a year ago that France and her allies who so peremptorily forbade Brüning's entirely reasonable proposal for a Customs Union with Austria, would to-day be looking on helplessly while Austria is Nazified? Or who would have believed that Poland, set up as a buffer State by France, financed and armed by France, presented with the Corridor by way of a final humiliation to Germany, would have made a non-aggression pact with Hitler only a year after his seizure of power?

The reasons for this territorial hunger in Nazi Germany are not merely the loss of territory at Versailles and the encircling policy of France since 1919. An adventurous foreign policy is notoriously the best distraction from home discontents, and in the case of Germany there is good ground for discontent—a worsening economic situation, a growing realisation among the Left Wing of the Nazi party that they have sold themselves to Thyssen and big business, a declining standard of living and the uncertain atmosphere of terror. Further the psychological atmosphere produced by Nazi propaganda necessitates a spectacular foreign policy. Hitler was able to plead for good relations with France and other neighbours because he was also able to assure his vast audience that Austria would be speedily absorbed. Even so it was notable that in a speech otherwise applauded to the echo the announcement of the Polish pact was received with complete coldness. Hitler, a master of propaganda, knows the power of the old gods. Mr. Wickham Steed in *Hitler; Whence and Whither* shows only too clearly the continuity of Nazi foreign policy with its pre-war prototype. The Nazi apologist who declared that Teuton civilisation is to be carried East and South until "no single nation may dispute our sway on the Continent" was merely echoing the flamboyancy of the Kaiser. But, as those who have read the early chapters of *Mein Kampf* are aware, Hitler has profited by the Kaiser's errors and has no intention of becoming involved in a quarrel with England on the sea. Hitler does not yet talk of a big German Navy, and he keeps the demand for the restoration of the Colonies in the background.

The success of Nazi foreign policy is due to the insincerity of the League powers. Japan called their bluff and showed that the genuine pacifist feeling that accumulated round the League of Nations was not powerful enough to overcome the sectional interests of member States. From its birth the League was primarily a trade union of victors to hold down the vanquished. Sincere supporters of the League realised this. They had no more respect for the Comité des Forges than for Stinnes and Krupps. But they supported the League in the hope that as it grew and became an accepted institution and gathered round it the idealism of those who wished to end the time-dishonoured balance of power system these vested interests would be overpowered and a genuine League of peoples be built even on the muddy foundations of the Versailles Conference. At one time with the entry of Germany into the League and the prospect of Socialist governments in power it seemed possible that the hope would be realised. But the jettisoning of disarmament, the triumph of Japan and the continued humiliation of Germany which gave Hitler his chance have destroyed the League as an effective force, leaving behind a rump of powers dependent on France and only half-heartedly supported by a hesitant British Government which is devoid of faith in any principle except national self-interest and is apparently quite unable to make up its mind where its own interests lie.

In these circumstances the Polish decision to form a pact with Germany outside the League is not in the least surprising. With the collective system virtually abandoned Poland hopes to guard both her frontiers from attack. By signing a pact with Germany she may even blackmail France into a more resolute support. There is an old Polish proverb born in the days of the unsuccessful 1863 revolt against Tzarism: "God is high in Heaven, and France is far away." This proverb is said to be again popular in Poland. In an article which follows this a special correspondent with unusual knowledge of the darker channels of diplomacy argues that there may be a more sinister interpretation of the German-Polish pact. It seems to us improbable that secret articles envisaging a joint attack on Russia are actually part of the pact. But we know from our own sources that the intrigues which our correspondent discusses exist and are taken seriously by a considerable number of the more fanatical anti-Bolsheviks. It is to be remembered, too, that the extreme Right Wing in France, supported by the Comité des Forges and the armament press, has long been pressing for a reconcilation with Germany on the lines suggested by Papen to the French Government and again by Rosenberg a year ago. In that case France would help to arm Germany as well as the groups of White Russians who wait their chance in exile. The chance that they wait for is a Japanese attack on Russia in the Far East and the relationships of Germany and Japan have recently become noticeably more close. In spite of such evidence, however,

we do not believe that Poland has yet committed itself to this folly. Poland is not anxious to quarrel with Russia, nor is she yet sure of Germany. We are here dealing not with an immediate threat but with a dangerous possibility which has emerged from the purely subterranean stage of intrigue into that second stage when diplomatists quietly discuss grandiose projects of which they are still only half desirous and half afraid.

For the moment then Hitler has carried off another bold coup. He has divided and quietened his other opponents so that he may deal the more easily with the comparatively simple problem of Austria. Austria, indeed, is only not already completely absorbed in the German political and economic system because Mussolini, while flirting with Hitler, is afraid that the collapse of Dollfuss means a Prussianised Balkans. The vision of Hitler at the head of the Brenner is enough to give Mussolini pause. The political effects of the absorption of Austria are only too plain. If Dollfuss appeals to the League and receives, as seems likely, the reply that since the Nazis are working mainly from within Austria nothing can be done, then the last pretence of the collective security system will be gone. Mussolini apart, Germany will have then a free hand in South-eastern Europe. It is an odd fate that leaves Mussolini as the one very dubious obstacle between Germany and the achievement of those Pan-German aims in the Balkans which the world in arms is supposed to have fought for four bitter years to prevent. It is also a sufficient commentary on ten years' effort to form a system of collective action on the basis of imperialistic states which pursue their separate interests even while they pretend to unite and refuse to give up their sovereignty lest the world should know peace.

THE GERMAN-POLISH PACT

(FROM A SCEPTICAL CORRESPONDENT.)

Two Powers, Germany and Poland, whose mutual antagonisms have more than once aroused grave apprehensions in European political circles, have now made a joint Declaration that *during the next ten years* their mutual relations will be based upon the principles of the Pact of Paris. Such a Declaration by two Powers who are already signatories of the Pact of Paris ought to be superfluous.

What is significant and new in the Declaration is the inauguration of a new phase in Polish-German political relations by the agreement of the two Governments to consult together on the subject of questions of all kinds bearing upon their mutual relations, without mediators, conferences, and, above all, without the League.

Mr. Vernon Bartlett has no doubt about the meaning of it all: "Nobody would have expected a year ago that Germany would thus accept her present Eastern frontiers." "*Many Germans . . . will regret this repudiation of Herr Rosenberg's policy of expansion towards the East.*" Thus the worst frontier in Europe has suddenly become the best. The intolerable Polish Corridor, the monstrous frontier of Upper Silesia, and the complex status of Danzig have become permanent, unassailable features of European life for ten years and thereafter—by a precarious six months' tenure. In Germany, this great act of renunciation by Hitlerism will find its justification in the promise of peace for ten years. In Poland, a promise of peace for ten years will be received as a gift from God.

True, the Polish Foreign Office hastened to issue a *communiqué* declaring that the Pact does not affect the existing agreements and treaties and must not be interpreted as a turning-point or new orientation in Polish foreign policy. But the sober inquirer who is accustomed to the ways of diplomatic intercourse may perhaps be forgiven a certain scepticism. Are there no other plans behind these reassuring phrases? Is German nationalism to return to the tomb on the first anniversary of its resurrection? Red Riding Hood was deceived by the wolf's costume. That lovable, if boyish, observer, Mr. Vernon Bartlett, may be also deceived. After all, Herren Hitler, Rosenberg, Hugenberg, and Banse still hold their positions of influence: the whole world, cynics and idealists together, can read what they are pledged to.

Now in regard to expansion in the East, Nazi propaganda has been unusually explicit. Much has been said to dot the i's and cross the t's of Hitler's remark that "we stop the eternal Germanic march to the South and West of Europe and turn our eyes to the land of the East." Rosenberg's scheme for breaking up and colonising Southern Russia has never, as far as we know, been officially abandoned. In his *Future Path of German Foreign Policy*, Dr. Rosenberg wrote: "Over a period of time which we may regard as practical, it looks as if the Ukraine is moving towards an independent State, perhaps in loose relation with Moscow. . . ." "Germany's interest in a Ukrainian victory lies in keeping open the possibilities of alliance with Kieff." According to Nazi views, Latvia and Esthonia are also legitimate German possessions won for German "Kultur" by the Teutonic knights in the fourteenth century. They argue that the possession of the riches of the Ukraine is vitally necessary for German national development. The more sanguine estimates of German expansion to the East go beyond the Ukraine. They include White Russia, Crimea, the Don Cossack region, the North Caucasus, Transcaucasia, and even Transcaspia and Turkestan. Control over these regions would open for Germany trade routes to the Near East and India. The "Drang nach Osten" is now to be made not through Constantinople and Turkey but by a more circuitous route, through the rich Ukrainian plains, the Black Sea littoral Provinces, and Turkestan. During Rosenberg's visit to London in May, 1933, the nature of Nazi plans for regaining part at least of this Teutonic heritage with the East were disclosed. Hugenberg's memorandum presented to the Economic Conference disclosed a grandiose project for economic penetration of the East by Germany. The document was disavowed, but disavowal, as M. Litvinov pointed out at the time, did not destroy the significance of the fact that such a memorandum existed and was presented.

Aspirations of this kind should be considered in conjunction with the not very well known facts about the close connection of Germany with the "Ukrainian independence" movement. During the war, the German Government endeavoured to set up an independent Ukrainian State under their protectorate. In 1918, after the conclusion of the Brest-Litovsk Treaty, the Ukraine was occupied by German and Austrian armies, and a puppet government under the Hetman Skoropadski, was established at Kieff. There was talk of a united Ukraine comprising Eastern Galicia and Russian Ukraine under the Erzherzog Wilhelm Hapsburg, if Germany should win the war. Erzherzog Wilhelm Hapsburg adopted the Ukrainian name of Vassily Vyschivanny with that prospect in view. After the collapse of the Western front, the Germans evacuated the Ukraine, Skoropadski fled, the old Russian Ukrainian Provinces finally became an integral part of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, while Eastern Galicia was allotted to Poland by the Versailles Treaty.

The notion of an independent Ukraine under German influence has never been abandoned. Anti-Soviet Ukrainian *emigrés* have continued activities as refugees in middle and eastern European countries. The most favoured of these *emigré* groups was that of Hetman Skoropadski, who has lived in Berlin, keeping in close touch with influential German politicians, not excluding representatives of the General Staff. The intrigues of these Ukrainian Separatists have been openly encouraged in various countries. Their propaganda is active in the United States and in Canada. Even in this country there are centres issuing bulletins and a monthly paper called *The Investigator*. Ukrainian Nationalist pamphlets

and leaflets are said to find their way through secret channels into Soviet Russia. Secret dumps of arms and ammunition are known to have been established along the Polish-Soviet and Rumanian-Soviet frontiers. In Germany the leaders of the Ukrainian movement—Col. Konvoletz, the Uniat priest, Vergun, Hetman, Skoropadski—have been given special facilities, and to-day there are several camps—Berlin, Munich, Bremen, Delmarshorst—where young Ukrainian Separatists undergo a course of military training.

Now none of these plans can succeed as long as Poland and Germany are hostile neighbours. The key to the door which leads to the Ukrainian plains is in Polish hands. Germany must break through by force, or come to an understanding with the Poles. An understanding is obviously preferable and some understanding appears to have been reached. Just how far-reaching this understanding is we do not know. We know that Marshal Pilsudski hates Russia and that the proposal for a Four Power Pact, looked upon with grave suspicion in Poland, and the weakening of the French alliance have made Poland more open to German suggestions. Whether the suggestions include any definite arrangements for sharing the spoils in the event of a Russian war—which might coincide in Europe with a Japanese attack in the East—we do not know. More probably there is as yet no definite proposal. Poland has not yet given up France as she has a Treaty of non-aggression, which may or may not be worth much, with Russia. Stalin made it clear in his speech that he welcomed Polish friendship but feared its insecurity. All that we can say with confidence is that the partition of Eastern Europe in the event of a war has been considered and that details have been worked out by someone. Hitler, it seems, is to offer to Poland, as a price of co-operation, Lithuania and part of Latvia, with the two ports, Memel and Libau, and a strip of White Russia and of the Ukraine, down to Odessa on the Black Sea. In this case, Polish nationalist aspirations might be satisfied, even if Poland were to cede a portion of the Danzig Corridor and Upper Silesia to Germany. This is not pure speculation. Lord Rothermere has published in the *Daily Mail* a map with an arrow pointing to Memel, and another pointing to Odessa. According to him, the Ukraine and Transcaucasia would become a German "Manchukuo." Russia would be driven back to the Northern forests. And Europe would be expected to live in peace. This vision entrances Lord Rothermere. But whence did it descend upon him?

In the light of these considerations, the German-Polish Declaration must be examined with some foreboding by all who seek peace. It would be a blessing if it were to promote the pacification of Eastern Europe. But it may be the instrument of a new and terrible conflict if anarchy is to descend upon Europe again. In any event, the development of German-Polish relations must now, more than ever, be closely watched, lest this latest "Non-Aggression Pact" prove the foundation for aggression.

THE CASE OF SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS

PERIODICALLY this island enlivens its political existence by the sport of baiting a spokesman of the Left. The thing is done with admirable concentration and unity. The press leads the hunt, picking out with sure instinct some phrase that may have been slightly indiscreet. It ignores with a massive, impenetrable deafness the argument that he is trying to present; it meets with disciplined silence his case for some change in our institutions: it sketches on the slender foundation of a misunderstanding or an exaggeration a terrifying portrait of an incendiary for whom this sober nation has no use. Behind the press stands a party machine, and the purpose of this organised amusement is, first of all, to destroy the daring pioneer, and then to bury in oblivion the uncomfortable issue he had raised.

Every leader of the Left, Joseph Chamberlain in his early years, Keir Hardie, and Mr. Lloyd George, was victimised for a time in this way. It is now the turn of Sir Stafford Cripps. His courage lends him in the Labour Party of to-day a welcome distinction. He has something to say that has been clearly thought out, and he goes on saying it with admirable persistence. Left to itself, it is possible that the English public would have felt some intellectual curiosity about his ideas. At least they are fresh, and mark a new departure in our rather dreary and conventional political discussions. His audacity would have made an appeal to its sympathies: spontaneously it likes courage. But care is taken that no clear presentation of what Sir Stafford Cripps really has said shall feed its curiosity. This sport is organised without chivalry. In a former generation the mischief that could be achieved by these tactics was limited. Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Lloyd George had their own radical press behind them. These foxes could bark in answer to the pack. The Labour Party has, unfortunately, no press that fulfils this function. The really distressing aspect of this episode has been the behaviour of the Party itself, or rather of its executive. It was not necessary that it should deny with any emphasis the absurd charge that it aims at dictatorship. The fault of its front bench has never been an excess of will-power. If it fails to rally the enthusiastic backing of the younger generation and the rank and file of the working class, the reason is not that anyone doubts its loyalty to democracy. The reason is rather that few trust its resolution to carry out with unflinching steadiness the programme to which it is committed. It is apt to hesitate and draw back when its opponents make a formidable noise. From the angle of its own supporters it made a tactical mistake, when, without precisely naming him, it went out of its way to repudiate Sir Stafford Cripps.

Property, when it conducts one of these hunts against a leader of the Left, exercises, through the press, one of its most formidable powers. It dictates to opponents their choice of leaders. This species of influence is habitual in English politics. It was mercilessly used by the *Times* and the provincial Conservative press against the pre-war Liberal Party. Its Right Wing enjoyed preferential treatment in the reporting of its speeches. A Rosebery or an Asquith could always command echo. It was not merely the trend of economic development that imposed Imperialism on the Liberal Party: the fact that the press is a great capitalistic enterprise counted for much. It can go far in suggesting the measure and stature of a national figure. The fuller reports and the more respectful headlines go to the leaders whom property trusts. The Labour Party, which only recently has had any daily paper of its own, was even more obviously at the mercy of these methods. With steady persistence and not without subtlety a gallant, uncompromising personality like Keir Hardie was made to seem an "impossible" leader. The technique is simple enough. The main trend of his speeches was never reported at all, but if in an hour's talk there was a passage, occupying two or three minutes, which in isolation would sound provocative or extreme, that passage and that passage alone was picked out for publicity. There were other personalities who for the opposite reason enjoyed the confidence of property and the press. Mr. Thomas was perhaps the salient case, and in their later years Mr. MacDonald and Mr. Snowden. They were "statesmanlike": they were worth reporting objectively and at length. Instinctively, property knew that from them it had nothing to fear, and with much sagacity it favoured their political careers. In this way it came near to nominating the Labour Party's leaders. It will reduce it to impotence in the future unless its rank and file can find a way of asserting itself.

There are in the debate which Sir Stafford Cripps has started about democracy two distinct issues. The question whether democracy has in our traditional parliamentary procedure a technique adequate to the modern task of government comes first in practical urgency. This procedure was elaborated under the influence of *laisser faire*. For the purpose

of letting things alone it was an almost ideal instrument. But from the moment that the tasks of government are seen in a new light its defects become apparent. What served well enough for letting things alone will not serve for controlling and planning things. The experience through which the Labour Party passed in 1930 was decisive, when through seven months it laboured to get through Parliament a very moderate Bill for the regulation of the coal industry. A committee of 615 persons is not the proper body to work out a detailed plan for any industry, nor, when once the decision to control is taken, is there anything to be gained by consulting root-and-branch opponents of the idea. The proper task of Parliament is to fix the principles on which government shall proceed and to check the work of the Ministry in carrying these principles out. But, by whatever technique, it must devolve on other smaller and more specialised bodies the elaboration of detail. It should think of itself primarily as the body that receives the national plan from the Ministry, criticises, modifies and finally accepts it. Sir Stafford Cripps has suggested that the greater part of every session should be spent in the full discussion of a single Planning and Finance Bill: that outline once accepted, the details should be treated as consequences that follow inevitably from the accepted plan. That anyone should treat this proposal as an attack on democracy is merely a proof that the public mind (in so far as the press mirrors it) has not yet faced the fact that the idea of a planned and ordered economic life cannot be realised by the procedure appropriate to individualism. It is equally obvious that a Socialist administration (or for that matter any ministry that aims at orderly change) must be armed at need with powers that will enable it to check a run on the banks, or a panic-stricken exportation of capital. It may also require the power to take over and run an industry promptly (as the railways were taken over during the war), leaving to calmer and slower methods of legislation the elaboration of the plan on which it shall be permanently organised, and the terms on which its owners shall be compensated. To call such proposals a bid for dictatorship is to play dishonestly with words.

The main issue between Sir Stafford Cripps and his critics goes, however, much beyond any question of parliamentary procedure. They would have us rally in serene complacency to the defence of democracy with the society of to-day as its background. Socialists are determined to preserve every shred of civil liberty we possess, and the principle of representative self-government. They stand for free discussion, for only in freedom can society think to any purpose. But Socialists are bound to differ from the older generation of Liberals, for they conceive democracy rather as a prize to be won, than an achievement already realised. Property, as it exists to-day, vitiates democracy. This Liberals saw, sharply enough, a generation ago, when they were struggling to win the rural counties for an advanced programme. They knew that the farmer who was the tenant-at-will of a Tory squire, and the labourer, with no Trade Union behind him, who must live in a tied cottage, could neither think, nor act, nor vote as free men. This, unfortunately, is only a small part of the difficulty that confronts the ideal of equal citizenship. Property obstructs it at every turn. The patronage that wealth possesses tells against "dangerous thoughts" and sets a premium on safe thoughts. Employers stand to employees in a coercive relationship which can be neutralised only where Trade Unionism is irresistibly strong. Property has the means to hire propaganda and with it to mobilise the herd mind. Worse still, it has in the press an instrument that weaves the thinking of the masses as a loom weaves cotton-cloth. This daily press, with the modern dependence on the advertiser, becomes with each decade a graver menace to democracy. To talk of preserving democracy is to misread our problem. The task of any Labour Party that understands its mission is rather so to transform our class-ridden society and so to change the balance of power in industry and on the land that democracy can be realised.

A LONDON DIARY

I HEAR that Lord Rothermere is taking a peculiarly close personal interest in the details of the full dress publicity campaign now being run on behalf of his new godchild, the British Union of Fascists. He has the leading articles read aloud to him nightly over the telephone before being sent to press: insists on the use—and frequent use—of the word "Blackshirt" rather than "Fascist." This is quite a change from the days, not many years ago, before Mosley had proved himself safe for plutocracy, when the columns of the Rothermere press were thrown hospitably open to vivid accounts by Sir Oswald's father indicating how little he thought of his son. It is interesting, too, to see the *Daily Mail* printing Mosley's phrases about the wicked financiers who send their money abroad. How does this suit Lord Rothermere who was, after all, for years one of the principal British investors on the New York Stock market? Lord Rothermere has never worried about consistency. As for Sir Oswald, he has acquired the whole technique of Fascist propaganda. I have never joined in the campaign of ridicule against Sir Oswald because, having met him as a Socialist trying to persuade a Labour Cabinet to be Socialistic, I know him to be a skilful and energetic fellow. The trick of Fascism is the combined exploitation of (*a*) economic discontent which would otherwise go into Socialism, (*b*) disillusion with politics, and (*c*) nationalism. Nothing fits all these three objectives so well as attacks upon "international finance in the City of London,"—the financier (especially the foreign capitalist or Jew) being put up as a personal enemy, which saves the trouble of understanding what is wrong with capitalism as a whole. In this way the whole analysis is side-tracked: capitalism, it is suggested, is all right except for two more or less fortuitous elements—the politician and "big financier." By way of better stealing the Socialist thunder, the financier is often called a "banker," and it is suggested that we only have to have a better monetary system and everything would be all right. When the trick has worked and capitalism has won another, perhaps short, lease of life, by setting up a Fascist state, nothing actually happens to capitalism—not even to the financier.

* * *

A propos this I greatly enjoyed the *Times* leader on Hitler's first anniversary. On November 4th an article appeared in this paper called "A Happy Anniversary"—a satire on the leader which would appear in the *Times* a year after the success of an imaginary Fascist revolution in this country. I recommend a comparison of this article with the actual leader in the *Times* of January 30th. There is a particularly good sentence which begins: "as the naturally strong prejudices against the brutality of his earlier methods subside and judgment of Germany again becomes unbiased . . .", and best of all is the remark that Hitlerism will go towards Socialism "as soon as economic conditions permit!"

* * *

I have before me the first number of the *Free Speech and Assembly Bulletin*. It is a sufficiently disquieting document both by its contents and by the fact that it should now have become possible and necessary to publish such a record at all. The editors of the *Bulletin* (issued at Flat 3, 15 Bury Street, London) have been moved by "concern at the rapidity with which democratic rights of free speech and assembly have been abrogated on the Continent, and at the growth of movements, sponsored by influential sections of the millionaire press and by departments of the Government, to enforce similar restrictions in this country." The *Bulletin*, which will appear fortnightly, will be devoted to a brief, clear record of "any action, legal or semi-legal, administrative or at the instigation of private individuals, to curtail such rights, won by the people of this land through generations of struggle." The first number covers the Cacic case, already dealt with in this journal. Other items range from the L.C.C.'s efforts to prevent the showing of the film *Potemkin* to the knocking about by police of workers marching in a demonstration in Scotland.

Last Friday I stopped at a news-dealer's shop in the West End to buy my weekly copy of that most amusing of papers *The New Yorker*. The shop, which is not far from Leicester Square, was festooned with the usual assortment of more or less pornographic continental and domestic publications. I could not, however, see *The New Yorker*—I asked for it. Standing primly between a copy of *Le Rire* and a pseudo-nudist publication the shop-girl told me it had been "taken away." Because, she added with dignity at my surprised exclamation, "there was something contained in it that did not ought to have been." Thinking that Peter Arno had overstepped the bounds of British Good Taste at last, or that perhaps there had been some unmonarchistic joke about the King—which has caused withdrawal of American publications before now—I scarcely rested until at last I secured a truant copy of *The New Yorker*. Apparently the item that did not ought to have been contained in it was a very apt and witty eight-page parody of *Punch*, the leading humorous journal of the British Upper Middle classes. The particular interest of the satire was its emphasis on the continual feeble *Punch* jesting about Chicago and Hollywood. Is one to assume that any satire on *Punch* is considered improper in England? I should have thought that *Punch* being a humorous journal must itself have thoroughly enjoyed a satire on itself. Or is it possible that it does not like that kind of humour as bordering on *lèse-majesté?*

* * *

The following quotation comes from *La République's* report of a speech by Herr Darre, German Minister of Agriculture.

> It appears that, whereas the Semites reject everything that pertains to the pig, the Nordic peoples, on the contrary, accord the pig the highest possible honours. The pig is the sacred animal of the Nordic solar cult.
>
> In the Germanic mythology, the chariot of the sun is drawn by two wild boars. In Valhalla, the heroes eat the sacred boar, which nevertheless is not consumed.
>
> In the cult of the Germans, the pig occupies the first place, and is the first among the domestic animals. This predominance of the pig, the sacred animal destined to sacrifices among the Nordic peoples, makes it right to conclude that the religion of these peoples has drawn its originality from the great trees of the Germanic forest. . . .
>
> Thus out of the darkness of earliest history arise two human races, whose attitude in respect of pigs presents an absolute contrast. The Semites do not understand the pig, they do not accept the pig, they reject the pig by every means possible to their national community, whereas this animal occupies the first place in the cult of the Nordic peoples.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Readers are invited to send us cuttings suitable for inclusion in this column. Address: 10 Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward ("Ted"—to some) Partington are adoring their first St. Moritz. He luges, although to luge has never been "Quite, quite." I'm delighted, because now we can all luge without being—you know.—*The Sketch.*

The building is what they call the modern style. There are no Epstein statues representing the female form divine, or some monstrous beasts that ought to be placed in Loch Ness. (Laughter.) There is nothing but beautiful young ladies, in most perfect surroundings and efficient and competent men. . . ."—Lord Mottistone, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., T.D., Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire, at the opening ceremony of the new offices of the *Bournemouth Daily Echo* as reported by the *Bournemouth Daily Echo.*

You have gone out on your great new venture, and he who seizes the opportunity to-day when Britain is turning the tide and steadily walking back to prosperity to modernise, extend and advance, will find his reward, said Sir Henry amid applause. That would be the wish of everyone there.—Sir Henry Page-Croft at the same ceremony.

I have made the calculations set out below with a hope that any possible tax relief that the forthcoming Budget can give will be given to the very rich, who, as I will show beyond a doubt, are now taxed largely in excess of their whole income.—Correspondent to the *Times.*

Can nothing be done to prevent rude and disrespectful people calling the Prince of Wales "Teddy," as is reported to have happened in public the other day?—Correspondent in *Daily Express.*

Society women are becoming Spartan over their food. Lady Oppenheimer organised a "quick luncheon" this week at the Savoy that took just half an hour, when fish with a cheese sauce, casserole of chicken and plain, stewed pears were served.—*Daily Mirror.*

At a cocktail party given by Lady Annaly the other day I found little Patsy (as she is known) looking dainty in a flowered chiffon frock and handing round with an easy grace Sherry cocktails. This apprenticeship will stand her in good stead.—*Daily Telegraph.*

The wearing of black shirts does not constitute a "private army" any more than the wearing of old school ties.—Major F. Yeats-Brown in the *Times.*

The captions were in French, but the English words were so clearly enunciated that I think every one of *any* nationality understood what was said.—Lady Oxford in the *Sunday Dispatch.*

THE COW IN THE KITCHEN

SOME time ago, according to an official of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, an inspector of the society called at a Southern Hampshire cottage and found a cow in the kitchen with children playing round it. "What's that doing here?" he asked. "That's what's rather worrying us," said the mother. "You see we can't get it out again. It won't go through the door." In the end, we are told, the animal had to be killed and taken away in quarters.

What we are not told is how the cow got into the kitchen. If the door was big enough to admit the cow, it must presumably have been big enough to allow her to go out. Are we then to believe that she was taken into the kitchen while still a slender calf and kept there till she grew to a size at which her exit was impossible? That is what might have happened in the kitchen of the Wise Men of Gotham, and the world is full of Wise Men of Gotham. The varieties of human stupidity are innumerable, and a lack of foresight in regard to the growth of a cow may well have been one of them.

It seems to me, however, that man in his private capacity is a good deal less stupid than man in his public capacity. We need to take to politics in order to reveal the rich Gotham strain in our blood. I do not mean to suggest that statesmen are stupider than other people: all I suggest is that, when once we enter the portals of politics, whether we are statesmen or merely electors, reason seems to depart from us, and we find ourselves doing and approving of things as irrational as anything in *Alice*. In private life, for example, no householder, dreading poverty, says to his wife, "What have we got in the larder?" and on being told, "Two chickens, a ham, a dozen eggs, a pound of cheese, and two pounds of butter," observes: "We must throw one of the chickens out and put some of the eggs in the dustbin. We must get rid of some of the ham and the cheese, too. Otherwise we may find ourselves starving." Nor does the housewife say to the householder, in order to cheer him up: "There wasn't enough milk for the children to-day, so I poured some of it down the sink." If we behaved like our political selves in private life, however, we should be doing this sort of thing all the time. If we felt cold, we should say: "It's very cold to-night. Let's turn down the gas-stove," or "This is the worst frost for years. Let's throw out the hot-water bottles."

In politics at present the only accepted cure for any ill seems to be to get rid of the cure for it. If there were a plague of influenza, I feel confident that measures would immediately be taken to reduce the supply of cinnamon. If this turns out to be an exceptionally wet year, do not be surprised if the Government announces a scheme for limiting the production of umbrellas. I foresee a time when the Ministry of Education will produce revised copybooks containing such maxims as:

"You must produce less if you want to have more," and "Cut down the supply of cloth, or you cannot be sure of having a coat." All the old maxims of prudence have gone by the board. We are well on our way to a time when "Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves" will be converted into an injunction to throw our pennies down the drain as the only true method of economy. As for many a mickle's making a muckle, the only question to be decided will be whether it is better to get rid of the mickle or of the muckle as a means of growing rich.

We have already seen the results of this crazy kind of politics in the distribution of milk in the country. I have never been an enthusiastic lover of milk, and I doubt whether it is a drink that should be taken by adult human beings except under doctors' orders. At the same time, it is generally agreed that it is a highly important food for young children, and many of their elders believe, rightly or wrongly, that it improves coffee and even tea. Now there are oceans of milk in the country, and a human demand for it that is probably equal to the supply. If we believed in mere common sense we should find some means of enabling the supply and the demand to meet, and everybody would live happily ever after. As politicians, however, we say: "We now at last see a land flowing with milk and honey. What an appalling sight! If we don't find some way of stopping the flow, everybody will be ruined. This was promised to us as a paradise. It is really an inundation." And so we send out orders to the farmers and everybody else to save themselves. We threaten the farmers with fines if, in certain circumstances, they sell their surplus milk to a neighbour who has not enough of it, with the result that, as a distinguished London editor found, residents in a Wiltshire village may be compelled to use condensed milk in their breakfast coffee. Such is the Promised Land as modern politics conceive it. The only cure for poverty is famine. It is an extreme form of homoeopathy beyond the conception even of the Wise Men of Gotham.

Yet the prescription is becoming universal. The gods give us gifts lavishly, and we throw them away in order to be able to enjoy them. They give us an abundance of coffee, and we are as little conscious of our blessedness as a bride who has been presented with too many fish-slices. They fill our nets with fish, and we are so profoundly shocked by their extravagance that we fling the fish back into the sea. They fill our granaries with grain and we exclaim: "Great Heavens, what can we possibly do with all this stuff!" In Holland people have lately been killing off cattle on the theory that everybody will have more to eat in consequence. I sometimes think that, if the gods were as vindictive as men once believed them to be, they would turn round on mankind and say: "You have shown no gratitude for our gifts. We gave you an abundance, and you turned it into an artificial famine. Now you shall have a real famine."

"Count your blessings" is a well-known saying of the optimists. We certainly count them to-day, but with what a grudging eye! As each new blessing appears, we look at it as suspiciously as the man with the single talent looked at his talent. Who are we, we feel, to put this to a proper use? And as there are ten improper uses for everything to one proper use, we again and again, largely from stupidity, put it to an improper use. Take the conquest of the air, for example. Shelley believed that travel through the air would inaugurate an age of universal philanthropy and mutual understanding among peoples. We, however, being politicians, have converted the aeroplane into an instrument of terror and bellicosity, separating the people with new barriers of distrust. The press, again, with its wide diffusion of knowledge, was expected by the optimists to bring about an age of enlightenment in which nation would come to know nation so well that it would no longer be possible to create misunderstanding between them. Yet over a great part of the civilised world to-day the press is forbidden to devote itself to the diffusion of truth and the spread of knowledge, and is used as a means of concealing the crimes and the failures of governments and the simple facts about foreign countries. Politicians are doing their best to create an artificial famine of truth as well as an artificial famine of food.

And there is now a move to prevent the wireless from being used as a means of free and full inter-communication among peoples. It is reported in the press that one great country proposes to punish wireless salesmen who do not urge their customers to buy wireless sets incapable of getting foreign stations. I do not know if the report is well founded, but it is in tune with a great deal that is now happening on our planet. We may expect before long to find foreign travel discouraged, and the proper use of any invention, from the steamship to the motor-plough, will be forbidden by law. Man will be told that he must no longer make free and proper use either of Nature's abundance of good things or of the still greater abundance of good things produced by science. Progress and national safety, he will be warned, will depend largely on his mis-using the gifts of the gods or not using them at all.

The only thing to hope for is that nobody will invent anything else for at least another century. We are not yet clever enough to know what to do in a teeming world of good things. If it began to teem still more, we should only feel that ruin was staring us in the face. Y. Y.

THE SEX-OBSESSION

LOVE is one of those few words that we can ill spare. Yet I am not sure that clear-thinking people with any sense of relative values will not have to relinquish it. It is idle to go on using a word which conveys utterly different meanings to different readers or hearers. For this confusion the Freudian psychologists are largely responsible. When we are told that the baby's search for the mother's breast, the gastrophily of the glutton, and the coitive urge of the cave-man with his club are all of a piece with the adoration of embodied ideal perfection which passes all understanding, and that love is the appropriate term for all of them, the fundamental purpose of language seems to have been lost. One of the great distinctions between primitive and civilised man is that the emotions of the latter are more complex and more consciously tinged with imagination. In nearly all men and women, it is true, the coitive urge is tempered with some measure of love; and it is equally true that love between the sexes is nearly always associated with some crudely instinctive impulse, however attenuated. But ever so frequent coincidence does not constitute identity. A sonnet of Shakespeare's or a lyric of Shelley's gives a truer and more informing account of love than is given by the mere sense experiences of all the fornicators of the world.

Though so often and so freely discussed, problems of sex are perhaps the most difficult of all problems to approach in the unbiased manner which science demands. So intimately involved with sex are the roots of half the things which we look upon as the most valuable possessions of man that many people have come to regard its accidentals, no less than its essential values, as inviolable and sacred. It may be a little cowardly, but it is not spiritually or aesthetically despicable, that in this matter a policy of hush—of peace at any price—has been fostered by sensitive, as well as by merely timid, humanity. Whether desirable or not, however, this policy is no longer a practicable one. What with Freud and the cinema and the enfranchised women writers, the susceptible mind has to-day become sex-conscious to the point of obsession. Many of my otherwise sane-minded contemporaries, including not a few whose lives have yielded a generous share of the more agreeable and exciting emotions, seem filled with anxiety lest, after all, in their pursuit and enjoyment of what they have come to suspect to have been spiritual shadows, they have let slip by them many of those fleshly joys which they are now half persuaded are the realities that matter.

I have just been reading a couple of interesting books, in which the authors discuss certain aspects of this and allied

problems.* In his *Sexual Regulations and Human Behaviour*, Mr. J. D. Unwin has shown a good deal of ingenuity in arranging a mass of records, collected from the history of civilised and uncivilised races, which are claimed to show that in every human society a progressive cultural career depends, and always has depended, on the amount of continence enforced by sexual regulations conventionally or legally imposed. He considers that such continence is best secured by stern and inescapable monogamy. Only a society in which this obtains, he concludes, has a reserve of energy, mental and physical, enabling it to extend its mastery of the earth and to employ new discoveries for social development. Next to strict monogamy he recommends, as better than sex freedom, polygamy framed within equally rigid laws. "An absolutely polygamous society," he writes, "preserves but does not increase its tradition." Mr. Unwin admits that the polygamous Moors seem at first sight to be an exception; but this, he says, is not so, "for the mothers of the highly cultured Moors were born into a stern monogamous tradition, being the daughters of Christians or Jews. The energy of the Moors faded away as soon as the mothers of their sons spent their early years in a less rigorous environment." I doubt, however, if many critical readers will share Mr. Unwin's notion of continence, or be converted to his thesis.

The other book is Miss Gladys Hall's *Prostitution*. This is a really important sociological work. The author has herself a very definite point of view, but she states the views of others with great fairness and understanding, and does not dismiss them casually or contemptuously. Her subject-matter is not confined to prostitution, as that term is generally understood; for a great part of her book is devoted to that unpaid promiscuity which, in recent years, has in most countries largely cut out the old professionalism. Her work would, indeed, have been better titled: "Promiscuity: Paid and Unpaid." Few of us have, in the bottom of our hearts, any doubts as to the double degradation of professional prostitution. Are we sure that Miss Hall is not essentially right in classing promiscuity with it? At first sight, the two things seem to be aesthetically and spiritually distinct. The first is, for one of the participants, a mere matter of drudgery persevered in as a means of livelihood; for the other, an easy and selfish way of securing the crudest of sensual gratifications. Nearly always, in professional prostitution, such things as mutual sentience and aesthetics have no place. Promiscuity, on the other hand, is presumed to imply something approaching an equal and eager mutuality. In fact, it rarely does. Such motives as vanity, desire to be in the swim, to be dashing and abandoned and unconventional, or, at the best, a feminine desire to do a kindly turn, or a masculine impulse to demonstrate virility, quite obviously play as frequent a part as is played by honest mutual lechery—to say nothing of such mystic emotions as that of love.

Yet those who are more concerned with spiritual realities than with elementary eudaemonistics have no reason to be dissatisfied with the way things are moving. If we will but look beneath the surface, there is ample and satisfying evidence that we are moving towards a real purity of the spirit or, perhaps it would be better to say, towards a spiritual view of reality, by the side of which the tawdry licensed monogamy and indecent pruriency of Victorianism, as well as present-day sex-casualness, will seem as crude and as vulgar as the open bawdyism of post-Elizabethans or the less conscious brutality of the even darker ages. The newly acquired economic independence of women is, of course, at the bottom of the changing attitude to sex. For centuries women have, with or without their consent, been entrusted with the responsibility for looking after the spiritual and ethical sides of the problem. One of their first acts, on gaining their liberty, has, not unnaturally, been to repudiate such forced "morality." The deputy on whom man has counted to safeguard the sentimentalities necessary even for his sensual satisfaction has failed him, and he has thus been placed in a quandary. Unfortunately, susceptible and influenceable woman, nurtured in the tradition that man knows best, instead of asserting her spiritual independence, has slavishly copied the attitude and the habits of her former master and mentor. But it is all terribly unreal. Routine—almost ritual—coition unaccompanied by love amuses average woman even less than average man. It is the antecedents and the post-cedents, rather than the crude incidents, of sex-union that give to sex-love its value, whether we are concerned with simple human pleasure or with more mystic emotions. *Per se*, copulation is as innocent and as "natural" as kissing, or holding hands, or mere neighbourly companionship, and it is silly and childish to talk about it as a concern of ethics. The only real problem worth bothering about is that of the inter-relation of this particular psycho-physical event with the aesthetic and spiritual edifice that has been constructed in so large a measure out of its diverted impulses.

HARRY ROBERTS

* "Prostitution: A Survey and a Challenge." By Gladys Mary Hall. *Williams and Norgate*. 7s. 6d. "Sexual Regulations and Human Behaviour." By J. D. Unwin. *Williams and Norgate*. 7s. 6d.

HEART AND BRAIN

The great deeds of the world sprang from the heart and the feelings, not from the intelligence.—Herr Baldur von Schirach at Hitler Youth ceremony.

'Tis true, von Schirach, as you state,
That actions recognised as great
  By those heroically bred—
The gun-man's patriotic feat,
The Jew laid prostrate in the street—
Proclaim the blood's tumultuous heat
  And not the coolness of the head.

What masterstrokes of bold intrigue
To strangle trade or wreck the League,
  Have had their roots in tempers frayed.
Had nations tamely stopped to think
When nearing war's tremendous brink,
How oft should we have seen them shrink
  And sheathe a clean, inglorious blade.

Yet even in statecraft there remains,
As I submit, one field where brains
  Their true, though humble role may find;
Since long experience has taught
That, when the world's great deeds are wrought,
It needs a lot of patient thought
  To clear the mess they leave behind.

MACFLECKNOE

Correspondence

THE GERMAN LABOUR CODE

SIR,—Your notice on the new German Labour Code is surprisingly misleading, being written, as it is, on the tacit assumption that such legislation is new to Germany and has to be judged therefore merely on its own merits, instead of in comparison with that which it replaces. The fact is, such legislation already existed and the present Code is, from the standpoint of the workers, definitely retrogressive.

The new "Confidential Councils," which are to "advise the directors of all concerns," simply replace the old Works Councils. The latter were elected by the workers, whereas the new Councils are to be appointed by the director himself (who is called the "leader") in agreement with the leader of the Nazi-Cells in each concern. This is most decidedly no machinery for the protection of the workers, especially as another provision of the Code (that referring to the Courts of Social Honour) is designed to prevent

any effective expression of opinion on the part of the workers, or any determined opposition to any managerial measure. Even granting that all the workers were in the Nazi-Cells, which is not the case, their position *vis-à-vis* the employer is definitely worsened. Not only is the method of free election displaced, but the functions of the Councils have been restricted as against those of the Works Councils.

The Trustees of Labour replace the former Arbitration Courts, which were composed of representatives of Employers' and Workers' Associations, with an impartial chairman, generally a judge or official specially experienced in labour legislation. The Arbitration Courts existed to enforce collective wages agreements between Workers' and Employers' Associations and had the power, in certain cases, to make the agreement concluded by a minority binding upon the majority, where no general agreement could be reached by voluntary negotiations. The Trustees of Labour can fix minimum wage-rates; these, however, are not only purely local, they are to apply simply to a "certain number of concerns." The Trustees inherit, in addition, some of the functions of the Works Councils and the Labour Courts. The prevention of arbitrary dismissals was part of the duty of the Works Councils, which had to be consulted and had the right of appeal to the Labour Courts. The prevention and regulation of mass dismissals was provided for under the "Stillegungsgesetz," now repealed, and was carried out under the auspices of the Ministries of Labour.

The Labour Trustee has no advisory or representative committee, and from his decisions there is no appeal. What these are likely in practice to be is a matter of conjecture. One thing, however, is pertinent. There have for months past been ordinances against dismissals. Dismissals have, however, constantly taken place owing to Nazi intervention; it has been hitherto less a question of contraction of personnel than replacement by S.A. and Nazi petty officials—a proceeding by no means always popular with the employers themselves, who, although glad enough to be rid of organised working-class pressure, are none too pleased at having to dismiss tried and skilled workers in favour of the heroes of the National Revolution. The system is based on arbitrary decision, with no check but that of "social conscience." And what is this nebulous conception? In Germany now, where might literally equals right, where jobbery and wire-pulling and the undisciplined enjoyment of power are all the order of the day, not very much, I fear.

Some precision is given to the conception of social conscience in the section of the Code on "Courts of Social Honour." The provisions of this section repay examination. A worker may appeal to the Court where his honour is insulted, or where an employer, manager or other person in control has "abused" his authority. How often will he do so and what guarantee will he have against victimisation? It is pertinent to examine the much more definite offences of which the workers and other members of a staff may be found guilty. Such are: disturbance of industrial peace through "malevolent" incitement of the "followers" in any concern; in particular, illegitimate interference in managerial affairs on the part of a liaison-officer (member of the Confidential Council) and disturbance of the "community spirit"; repeated "frivolous and groundless" complaints or petitions made to the Trustee of Labour; obstinate refusal on the part of the Gefolgschaft (*lit.* followers) to carry out the orders of the Labour Trustee.

Criticisms in the factory have been a source of embarrassment to the Nazis during their months of power.

The whole Code is nothing but an elaborate façade, designed to conceal the essentially reactionary nature of the National Socialist regime. It creates nothing new except the doubtful Courts of Social Honour—and even here the workers already had the right of appeal to the Labour Courts in the above-mentioned cases. Much that was already there has been modified in the direction that legal procedure guaranteeing certain rights has now given place to arbitrary accord.

The German employer is once more master in his own house. It is typical that there are no longer employers and workers but only "leaders and followers."

Highfield, Godstone, Surrey. MARGARET ROBINSON

[This elaborates rather than corrects our notice. We summarised the provisions of the Code and suggested that the reality was likely to be different from its pretensions. All the news so far corroborates our correspondent's view.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

ARTS, FUN AND TAXES

SIR,—In his recent friendly and sympathetic article Mr. Ivor Brown directs attention to the criticism of those who are fighting for relief from Entertainment Tax that we can have no complaint against the tax because it is paid by the public! And next he suggests that the greater comfort of the "modern and well-upholstered cinema" has more attraction for the public than, I assume he infers, the converse, the ancient, badly upholstered theatre. Now as to the first, we know in the entertainment world that, although the public "pays the tax," we really carry the whole or part of the burden of the tax in one of two ways: either we must, to retain custom, reduce our price so that after adding the tax the sum paid by the public is the same; or if we increase our prices by adding the tax, it reduces the sale of seats, or drives the public to buy cheaper seats so as not to increase what they spent before.

Two examples will illustrate this. When the 9*d.* tax on a 5*s.* seat was increased to 1*s.*, managers reduced their share to 4*s.* 9*d.*, which with 1*s.* made 5*s.* 9*d.*, i.e., they carried the 3*d.* increase. Similarly, when the 1*s.* 6*d.* on a 10*s.* 6*d.* stall was increased to 2*s.* 2*d.*, they reduced their 10*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.* 5*d.*, which with 2*s.* 1*d.* tax made 12*s.* 6*d.* The manager lost respectively 3*d.* and 1*d.* on tens of thousands of seats and the public complained of the rise from 12*s.* to 12*s.* 6*d.* for a stall. Again, if it be true that we are not injured because the "public pays the tax," then that assumes a principle which would not be accepted by anybody who sells any kind of commodity. Would it, for example, be suggested that you would not injure the sales of the 7*s.* 6*d.* novel if you added a sales tax of 1*s.* 6*d.* (the equivalent to the entertainment tax) and charged 9*s.* for it?

Thirdly, by reason of the addition of the tax to our pre-war prices of admission, we were prevented from adding anything to cover the 80 per cent. to 100 per cent. increase in costs, salaries, wages, etc. In other words, the increase to which economically we were entitled was taken by the Government as tax.

In regard to the comparison between ancient and modern buildings and comfort, there are a large number of theatres in London, the suburbs and the provinces which are either newly built or have been substantially remodelled at a very large cost in the past ten years, and where the comfort is equal in every way to that provided by the cinemas. Outside the centre of London where different conditions prevail, the prices of admission would compare favourably with those charged by the cinemas.

Notwithstanding equal comfort and comparable prices those places are to-day finding it just as difficult as the older ones to make ends meet: with few exceptions to be found anywhere in England it could be demonstrated by actual figures that the total amount spent by the public for admission to all forms of musical, dramatic and variety entertainments where the artistes and the orchestra are seen by the public is insufficient to meet the cost of providing these forms of entertainments *and* the payment of the tax as well. Under conditions such as they are, we consider we have made out a case for a more equitable division between the providers of entertainment of the kind I have mentioned on the one hand and the Government on the other of what the public spends to see our entertainments.

For the examination of those who suggest that if the theatres would lower their prices of admission, they would prosper, I give the following as the latest of many examples:

The admission price to a theatre gallery in a large industrial area was reduced from 7*d.* (6*d.* plus 1*d.* for tax) to 4*d.* (3*d.* plus 1*d.* for tax) in the hope that by meeting the reduced spending capacity of the population the theatre revenue would be increased.

The results over two similar and equal periods of time were as follows:—

Total payment by public	1st period. 6*d.* plus 1*d.* Numbers paying for admission.	Theatre Share	Tax Share.
£1,195.	41,000	£1,025.	£170.
	2nd Period. 3*d.* plus 1*d.*		
£1,165.	70,000	£870.	£290.

Thus the result was no less an increase than 29,000 in the attendances, but £30 less paid for admission: £155 less received by the theatre but £120 *more* received by the Exchequer!

WALTER PAYNE (Chairman),

The Stage and Allied Arts Defence League,
52 Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1.

"TURN AGAIN, WHITTINGTON"

SIR,—I am one of those who like to see the good in everything. I have looked devilish hard for the good in the commercialisation of Oxford, in order that I might raise a cheer at the elevation of its prime mover, but hitherto I have been blind, and dumb.

I knew, of course, that the desolate region without the city has now been made a hive of industry, and where previously only corn grew and the lark nested, and a rude peasantry insulted progress by being happy on thirty bob a week, there's now a thriving settlement of mechanics, whose labours provide the means, on the one hand, and the end, on the other, of endowing hospitals, soup-kitchens and advanced political movements.

I was told only the other day, by a great squire of the neighbourhood, of the lasting benefits, amounting to 15*s.* 3*d.* a week, to which this enterprise has assisted large numbers of young men from all the villages round, who otherwise would have had no better outlook than the unleisured existence of the herd or ploughman.

But so far the city itself has seemed to me halted in a transitional stage. A lot of old buildings are still standing about, many of them occupying sites desirable for factories or cinemas or stores. Whatever people may say, the aborigines are not yet exterminated. I saw a party of scholars in Cornmarket early in December, insolently flaunting their distinctive costume. A friend of mine, on whose word I can rely, tells me he saw a country couple in the Broad. The female was disguised as a mechanic's wife, but the male had corduroy breeches on, a red face, and a smile.

This sort of thing makes a man despair, and I had begun to despair, till I read, in your last issue, a letter from the Oxford Chamber of Trade. I learn from it that progress continues after all. "Owing to the commercialisation of Oxford," says your correspondent, "the Oxford tradesman is no longer dependent upon University trade." And in the very next sentence he demonstrates how this blessing now enables the independent tradesman to turn, and hiss. Mentioning the worthless student-customers of to-day, he adds the pleasant sneer, "the vast majority of whom are State assisted."

This, Sir, brings me to my proposal. You may depend it is a progressive one: it is of a piece with the marking of eggs, etc. I propose that the boots of students should be marked. Then no Oxford tradesman would have the mortification of learning, after he has licked a pair, that they are worn by a State-assisted student.

I was going to propose that there should be a special sign on those of the University men he refers to, who become shopkeepers in after-life. By this they could be recognised, and shaken by the hand, or given discount or something. But perhaps we may leave that to Nature, who used to mark her gentlemen plainly enough, in the days when she still produced them, and, I believe, now does the same by her counter-jumpers. JOHN COLLIER

UNDER THE INFLUENCE

SIR,—"Critic" has dealt very kindly with me in his "London Diary" on January 20th. He raises, and quite rightly, the question what *is* "under the influence" ("of drink or a drug to such an extent as to be incapable of having proper control of the vehicle"—these are the words in the Road Traffic Act of 1930, Section 15). In determining what is "under the influence of drink," the medical practitioner, usually a "police surgeon" in the first instance, has to state clearly why the person charged is or is not under this influence and to such an extent as to be incapable of having proper control of the vehicle. It should be observed that his duty is not to declare any accused as "drunk," but only under the influence of drink. In reference to this distinction it is essential to realise, what perhaps even "Critic" does not, that it is not the amount of alcohol drunk—swallowed—but the percentage actually circulating in the blood at a given time. It is quite true that "to an extent, everyone is under the influence of drink ten minutes after swallowing half a pint," but it is not true that the whole of the alcohol contained in the half pint has entered the blood-stream. However, if only the small percentage of 0.1 has, then that person is definitely under its influence. Any percentage above that amount implies a still greater degree of being "under the influence," up to 0.5 per cent.—that is in common parlance half a drop of alcohol in every hundred drops of blood—when a person will be "dead drunk," and nearly at the point of death from acute alcoholic poisoning.

One final word. A blood test which is negative to actual circulating alcohol will "clear" the unfortunate person wrongly arrested as being "under the influence of drink to such an extent as to be incapable of having proper control of the vehicle." Surely such a test is a valuable one! W. MCADAM ECCLES

SIR,—Both "Critic" and Mr. Newboult may be interested in the following: "In very small doses alcohol strengthens self-control and will power, and steadies the nerves."—Sir James Crichton-Browne. Professor Sydney Smith's experiments with a series of tests for co-ordination and control failed to show any loss of efficiency with doses less than 30 c.c. of alcohol. Finally these words of the late Professor W. E. Dixon:

> The amount of alcohol contained in a cocktail produces a greater effect on the central nervous system than three or four times its alcohol content administered as beer. That is to say, at a time when the concentration of alcohol in the blood of a beer-drinker is greater than that in the cocktail-drinker, the degree of intoxication in the latter is more marked.

HENRY HILL

Cedarspire, Arbrook Lane, Esher.

THE WALLACE CASE

SIR,—Mr. Donald Carswell, reviewing Miss Duke's recent book, *Six Trials*, concludes by saying: "Her account of the Wallace case is so good as far as it goes that one wishes it could have gone farther. Miss Duke truly calls it 'the perfect murder.' The whole story is known, and some day it may be told."

I can, I think, claim a very intimate acquaintance with this case, as I not only acted as Solicitor for the Defence, but was in close personal touch with Mr. Wallace until his death, and I can say definitely that no further facts of any kind have come to my knowledge which would even tend to suggest that Mr. Wallace was guilty. It seems to me most unfortunate that the impression should get abroad that someone "knows the facts," and that such facts, though secret, are prejudicial to Mr. Wallace. I am at a loss to conceive what information could exist as to this case which would not be evidence in a court of law, and which at the same time could be convincing. There is, and always has been, a fog of misunderstanding about this remarkable trial, and I am afraid that people will go on knowing "the whole story" about the Wallace case, undeterred by the lack of evidence upon which to form even a theory. HECTOR MUNRO

Prudential Buildings,
36 Dale Street, Liverpool, 2.

GENTLEMEN'S ARCHITECTURE

SIR,—The habit of detaching isolated sentences from speeches and deriding them is as old as bad taste and stupidity, and the quotations from Sir Gilbert Scott's address to students published in *This England* in your issue of January 27th is a lapse into the technique of popular rather than responsible journalism. The sentence you quote was part of some critical advice that, if followed by the new generation of architects, would reinstate the architectural tranquillity and the civilised serenities which England enjoyed from the days of Wren to the Gothic revival. You owe it to your readers to give the context of the speech by the President of the Royal Institute of British Architects as published in the current issue of the R.I.B.A. Journal:

> I know modern conditions seem to demand extremism and I shall be accused of advocating compromise if I condemn extreme expression, but vulgarity is to my mind one of the outstanding characteristics of our times, and is largely due to a new-born democracy confronted with intense competitive conditions. The restraining influence of fine tradition and breeding is at present slight, and it is found difficult to withstand the temptation of shouting loud and long in order to attract attention. It is not a bad question to ask yourselves when you have completed a design: "Does it look like the work of a gentleman?" and, shall we say, "an English gentleman." I fancy this does not sound very popular, for an English gentleman can be terribly dull, especially when compared with a foreign gentleman, and a real vulgarian is much more amusing and interesting than either!

Incidentally it is odd that the phrase "English gentleman" should seem amusing when connected with architecture. Reticence and good manners were once associated with the term.

25 Charles Street, JOHN GLOAG
Haymarket, S.W.1.

[Mr. Gloag has chosen an unfortunate example to illustrate the truism that contexts alter meaning. The wisdom of the suggestion that design should be judged by gentlemanly standards remains unimpaired by the surrounding sentences.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

A Misprint. In the last paragraph of Mr. Brailsford's article last week, the following sentence occurred: "Must not private enterprise strive by crooked means or straight, by dodges or by nationalisation, to defeat this central purpose of an external and improved control?" "Nationalisation" should, of course, be "rationalisation" and "improved" should be "imposed."—ED. *N.S. & N.*

Miscellany

THE NEW BOOKSELLING—AN ITALIAN EXPERIMENT

THE portico which skirts the Florentine Post Office, usually reserved to paper-boys, boot-blacks, and lottery-ticket sellers, resounded to an unprofessional hammering. In common with many others, I stopped to observe. The sacred area was being defiled by the erection of a rudimentary stall. Above, a couple of long-haired youths, assisted by a slightly dishevelled and pronouncedly blonde female, were engaged in fixing a banner. "Here," it proclaimed, "The Brigade of Milanese Writers will personally sell their books." A succession of smaller notices indicated that individual members of the group not only would supervise the sale of their writings, but would even go so far as to adorn them with their autographs.

By the evening, the temporary book-stall was ready, and surrounded by an admiring, though not very eager, throng. At the back were ranged the members of the *Brigata*, leaning sinuously across the barrier to press their wares on passers-by. The Italian exchange is unfavourable, my personal tastes classical: so (not without difficulty) I hardened my heart and my pocket-book. But, as a fellow-craftsman, I found it impossible to run the gauntlet of those reproachful eyes on each of the many occasions when I passed; and, in the evening of the second day, I ventured upon a word of explanation.

"*Collega*," I muttered, apologetically, as I hurried by.

Immediately, three agile figures (one in skirts) vaulted across the stall, and others hurried round it; and I found myself the centre of a voluble group. They inquired my name, and my place of residence, and my favourite modern poet; and they introduced me to one another, with appropriate explanations.

"That," they whispered in my ears, with awe, as they indicated one who stood somewhat aloof from the rest, "is the most Two Thousand of us all." "Two Thousand," it may be mentioned, *en passant*, is the epithet employed in Italian literary circles to describe one whose work is at least one hundred years in advance of our effete century.

The Prophet, after formal introduction, inquired cordially whether the ideals of Direct Contact between literary producer and consumer had yet made any progress in England. When I indicated that nothing of the sort had come to my notice, the group was horrified. They expatiated, at length and with considerable vehemence, against the iniquities of publishers and booksellers, who demurred to issue works of real genius, failed to give adequate publicity to anything meritorious which they accidentally produced, never exerted themselves to push the sales of any writer of true promise, and in any case manoeuvred him out of his rightful dues. It was essential, I was informed, for the writers of the world to unite, and break through the ring of malevolence by which they were encircled. This was the purpose for which the *Brigata degli Scrittori Milanesi* had organised itself. It was travelling from one city to another, in a broken-down Ford car, modestly propagating its own wares, inculcating in the *bourgeoisie* a proper appreciation of modern literature and, incidentally, eliminating the middle-man's profits.

Thereafter, each time I was in the neighbourhood, I stopped to pass the time of day, inquired the state of trade, exchanged literary criticism, and elaborated my own pet scheme to enhance the dignity of letters by reviving the institution of the literary Maecenas, defunct since the eighteenth century. They listened with more respect than I am accustomed to command nearer home, and in return were so benevolent as to extend to my friends my personal diplomatic immunity.

The *tournée* in Florence, as originally planned, was to have lasted only three days. Instead, it continued for well over a week. Trade, apparently, was good, though not always proportionate to the size of the admiring crowd which gathered round the stall, especially on market-days. The red-haired girl alone sold one hundred and fifty copies of her last (and only) novel, though no doubt a certain proportion of these was due to the unfair advantage which she derived from her personal charms. On the whole, the *Brigata* was discreetly satisfied with results, and from Florence it went to Pistoia, in the hope of instilling literary taste into that unpromising peasant soil.

Before the final leave-taking, I vowed (with suitable reservations) to introduce into my native land the Two Thousand method of open war between author and publisher, and direct contact between literary producer and consumer. As a farewell gift, the prophet of the next century gave me a copy of his latest volume. It was suitably inscribed:

"*To . . . these pages, woven in a night of mystery, with magic threads of dream.*"

CECIL ROTH

FLIGHT FROM REALITY

Mala the Magnificent.—*Empire.*
Little Woman.—*Regal.*

Films fly from reality by many roads. There is a sense in which *The Invisible Man* is obvious, but it was left to the Marxists to discover that the Marx Brothers, in their dialectical negation of the logical rules of the world around us, incarnate that fear of facing reality characteristic of art in the last stages of the decay of capitalism. Whether willing or no to plumb such deeps, we cannot but acknowledge that the two successes of this week, each along its different path, show clearest traces of this tendency.

The Noble Savage was used as counterpoise to a stagnant civilisation as long ago as the eighteenth century, and Van Dyke, director of *Mala*, is as fond of him as was Rousseau. *White Shadows of the South Seas* was all about depraved white men spoiling the simplicity of beachcombing; *Mala* is about equally naughty white men who can't even borrow their customers' wives decently. There is plenty of fake in *Mala*, fake natural history and fake ethnology. I can hardly credit that green grass and icefloes grow so close together. But that doesn't matter. The film has a much greater truth than has the merely accurate. By dint of these scenario liberties, the film contrives to bring living in the Arctic vividly to *sensation* in the manner in which a well-written boy's "blood" of the North-West Mounted Police makes the Canadian Rockies more vivid than do most history lessons. In this respect it is grand and instructive entertainment. The liberties that do matter are those of theme and casting. The chivied and distracted modern citizen must be flattered by the thought that somewhere, elsewhere, the natural man can be happy. He is not strong enough to face the more merciless meat of the original novel. In this Mala was equally a hero, but instead of the virtues of an Eric at school he possessed those of a real primitive, lustily bullying, killing, stealing and striking his wives. His transmogrification to a parfit knight whose wives hasten charmingly to be lent or borrowed with all the super-Christian charity of Diderot's Bougainvilleans is to satisfy one side of our repressed natures; just as their incarnation by a comely youth and maidens, as unlike as possible to the type Eskimo in all their racial characteristics, panders to another.

More significant than *Little Women* in itself has been its sweeping smash-up of box-office records all over America. It is not extraordinary and significant that a film should be made of such sweet trifles, dad and mum and their little women, a tale in which the height of tragedy is lost sausages for breakfast, the height of joy the pleasure of playing on an unexpected piano. It is extraordinary and significant that American civilisation of the present day should flock in reckless crowds to celebrate it. At first the impression of such a picture is slightly obscene. There seems something almost abnormal, as with Bright Young People in Mayfair turning a cocktail into a children's party, when these excellently developed, experienced and sophisticated young Hollywood misses first set to sighing in their crinolines. But they do keep it up so faultlessly; neither they nor the film as a whole ever puts the tip of a foot wrong, out of step, and before long one succumbs inevitably to the soft smell and savour of grandmother's muffins and has the cry of one's life. This is a very good film, one of those which, whether one likes its kind or not, is so skilful and neat in its kind that surrender is inevitable. I confess now in whited sheet to having publicly greeted Miss Hepburn in her first picture with a rude, ungentlemanly, never-sufficiently-to-be-repented sneer. Her performance as Jo has bowled me over. It is as good as her publicity manager says. If I am bewitched, that proves she is bewitching.

IVOR MONTAGU

BROADCASTING

FREEDOM, and in particular, freedom of speech, is in many countries to-day in the dock, or even in close confinement. Here, in most quarters it is still felt to be a cause worth defending. A sense of danger in the air, or, more literally, in the ether, has led some people who care about free speech to wonder whether monopolistic broadcasting, under the protection of the State, is not an instrument all too apt for purposes of autocracy, and to look with reluctant favour upon the system of commercial and competitive broadcasting.

Several factors are responsible for this tendency. On the one hand, on the negative side, there has been irritation with the B.B.C., which has found vent in Parliament and in the press, to say nothing of private conversation. Mr. Winston Churchill's phrase, "pontifical mugwumpery," has stuck. Sometimes the gibe has been deserved; sometimes a trivial incident has been exploited by a press glad of a chance to twit a powerful rival. At such times—indeed at all times—the almost complete absence of informed, independent discussion of broadcasting issues becomes a misfortune. The air is not cleared; a vague sense of disquiet remains. On the other hand, on the positive side, there is a growing volume of suggestion, on both sides of the Atlantic, that commercial broadcasting is the intelligent man's escape from tyranny and censorship. The latest contribution, by the National Association of Broadcasters, is only one of many such suggestions.

The problem however is not so simple as all that. Since control of the microphone is one of the chief keys to public opinion, the fight for it may be expected to be a hot one, and to take many unsuspected forms. The credentials therefore of all protagonists—of this or that system—should be critically inspected. It is often forgotten that the period for which a Charter was granted to the B.B.C. expires in 1935. Before that date a further Committee of Inquiry may be appointed to report—to advise on future policy. In expectation of some such course, commercial interests are already bringing, and will increasingly bring, powerful influence to bear on British public opinion, to prove that commercial broadcasting means better broadcasting. The low-brow listener is promised unlimited variety and jazz and an end of everything he does not like. The high-brow listener is promised vastly increased expenditure on programmes and, as an automatic result, finer programmes. The progressive and public-spirited listener is promised that full and frank discussion of problems of the day of which he is deprived by a "tyrannous monopoly," and his flesh is made to creep by warnings from Germany and Russia.

What is the truth in all this maze? Only careful scrutiny can sift the chaff from the grain. It is important in the first place to examine the sources of propaganda. The National Association of Broadcasters, which has issued the latest findings on the advantages of a commercial system, is the body of commercial organisations with a natural interest in maintaining the *status quo*. But apart from this obviously biased material, many of the arguments used to decry British methods are based on a lack of understanding of British mentality. You cannot prove a higher degree of free speech in American broadcasting by counting the number of eminent foreign politicians who have been on the air in the two countries. What you can prove by those figures is that American listeners have an unlimited appetite for lectures by distinguished foreigners, while British listeners find them less attractive, preferring to have the issues explained intelligibly by speakers they know. The box-office factor is, in a sense, more directly involved in a licence system like the British, than in a publicity system like the American. The truth is that the scales can be weighted, invisibly and subtly, in any form of broadcasting, public or private. What matters most is the integrity, disinterestedness and intelligence of the broadcasting service and its programme builders. A growing body of opinion in America is wondering whether some degree of control laid openly on the shoulders of a responsible body may not in the end secure these qualities more successfully than a system which enables a hidden influence to be exercised for private reasons by private interests.

In the second place it is only fair to examine the range, the amount and the quality of free discussion which the B.B.C. has actually provided, as well as to note its sins of omission. There is no case for a smug complacency, there are obvious grounds for criticism, but there is a case for satisfaction far greater than American business would have us believe. The future lies largely in the hands of the B.B.C. itself. If it shows itself timid in handling controversy, reluctant to extend its scope, priggish in its exclusions, afraid to trust responsible speakers, then it will give away the case with both hands to the commercialists. It will invite an alliance between the most interested and the most disinterested of its critics. An alert and critical public can do much to discourage such tendencies. And in the meantime there is no occasion to be stampeded into a belief that mugwumpery is the exclusive possession of public service broadcasting, nor that commercial interests are the safest guardians of free speech.

HILDA MATHESON

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Henry V"

When the last sad tear is shed for the liberties which have been taken with the Shakespearean text in Mr. Stanley Bell's production of *Henry V* at the Alhambra, one is left with the reflection that no great harm has been done, and possibly some good. It is likely that Shakespeare himself, for all his bewailing of "wooden 'O's" and "unworthy scaffolds" would have hesitated to sacrifice so much poetry for the sake of providing a worthy stable-companion to *White Horse Inn* and *Casanova*. Yet with modern resources at his disposal it is equally probable that he would never have attempted so grandiose a pageant without utilising them to the full. If *Henry V* is to be played at all, it must surely be played lavishly, and the Alhambra production is an honest if uninspired attempt to give full value to the essentials of the piece—pageantry, magniloquence and the set-pieces.

Mr. Godfrey Tearle's Crispin speech is superbly done. There is no actor on the stage to-day whose voice possesses such moving quality, as distinct from mere virtuosity. For some reason he is made to deliver the speech before Harfleur perched on a narrow ledge of the battlements immediately beneath a slit-window from which the French might profitably have poured boiling oil at any moment. The multitudinous "effects," here and elsewhere, are rather a nuisance, but Mr. Norman O'Neill supplies a good

martial theme-song of the requisite popular quality. Mr. Hay Petrie's Fluellen is an admirable creation, but if Pistol can be made funny—it is a moot point—Mr. Franklin Dyall does not possess the secret. Miss Yvonne Arnaud scores inevitably, with the exercise of about one-tenth of her talent, as Katherine.

"Saturday's Children"

The most refreshing thing about *Saturday's Children* at the Westminster Theatre is the fact that it deals with the lower-middle-classes in a spirit neither of tragedy nor of farce. There is plenty of light comedy in the £4-a-week world of the Sandses and the Clarks and the O'Neills—and the economic theme which is inevitably interwoven in the fabric of romance removes a great deal of the insipidity which might pervade the story if it were told in upper-middle-class terms by, say, Mr. A. A. Milne.

Joy Clark discovers that the only way she can persuade her young man to marry her instead of taking a job in China is to utilise a simple proposal-trap designed for her by a worldly wise married elder sister. It works, and they settle down to find out exactly how far two can live as cheaply as one. Disappointments and recriminations end in Joy taking back her old job and living in an incredibly and unnecessarily squalid furnished room until her husband, discovering that what she really needs is romance and not marriage at all, provides her with the necessary make-believe and all ends happily. All very thin stuff, of course, but with an occasional hint of something deeper, particularly in the philosophical comments of Clark père, beautifully played by Mr. Edward Irwin. Miss Joyce Barbour is immensely vital and amusing as the elder sister, and Mr. Colin Keith-Johnston amiably thick-headed as the husband. Miss Dorothy Hyson who plays Joy is very young and quite dazzlingly pretty.

At Wyndham's

The first scene of *Clive of India* is decidedly the best. Afterwards nothing unexpected occurs. The dialogue never takes an unforeseen turn. What is revealed from moment to moment in character or gesture is precisely what the spectator anticipated. When the young woman, with whose miniature Clive has fallen in love, comes out to India to marry him, and finds that the poor clerk to whom she was expecting to be betrothed is already the most important servant of the East India Company, if not its master, we foresee that she will conceal her desire, and that Clive will conclude that he has failed to please the radiant creature. Our expectations of just how long this misunderstanding will last are fulfilled. This comment applies to the succeeding scenes. Most of the dramatic tension is provided by Lady Clive wishing to keep her husband enclosed in a state of roseate domesticity, while he must obey the call of India. The first time she yields; the second time she resists; after Clive's political fall she catches him in her tender arms. The dramatists have succeeded in suggesting (and in this they have been admirably supported by Mr. Leslie Banks) the impulsive, brooding, recklessness of Clive and his faith in his star. But they have failed in exhibiting him convincingly *in* action. *Clive of India* is no exception to most historical plays in this respect. The difficulty of men of action on the stage is to make the difficulties they had to overcome look like real difficulties. Here, too, we have to be content with explosive gestures brushing aside—men of straw. The scenery is admirable, and Miss Gilian Lind is a pretty, earnest, but not very effective Lady Clive. The play (unlike Clive's life) ends happily. He is consoled for the Vote of Censure on him in the House of Commons by the courtly sympathy of Chatham and the loving fidelity of his wife.

"First Episode": *Comedy*

The best thing about this play of university life is that its two young authors (Terence Rattigan and Philip Heimann) have succeeded in permeating it with the university feeling. In spite of its superficiality it keeps up a tense atmosphere of youthful desperation and querulousness: the feeling of everything being done for a purpose, as an experiment in a way of life and a search for truth. It does this so well that one regrets its ebbs into turgid sentiment. Miss Barbara Hoffe and Mr. William Fox have difficulties with the serious love scenes, and cannot prevent them from cloying, in spite of sensitive performances. The play is decidedly at its best when it is light-hearted. Miss Meriel Forbes and Mr. Patrick Waddington get a lot of variety into their inanities. The play is carefully, fashionably *risqué*, with a general air of sexlessness. It attempts nothing outside its own naturalistic convention, but in places is a little artificial within it. With a more rigid purpose these two authors might write a thrilling comedy of manners.

A Woman of this World

Mr. Ashley Dukes has written a sprightly version of *La Parisienne*, Henri Becque's starring vehicle (as I believe the moderns have it), for Rejane. Played briskly and lightly this echo of the 'eighties is not by any means out of date, though its more natural form to-day would be that of the curtain-raiser. Probably its most antiquated feature is its neatness, with husband, wife, first lover and second lover beautifully flat *ad-hoc* creations, forming a series of simple patterns dovetailing into one another most satisfyingly. It may be that this intellectual cat's-cradling is unimportant dramatically, but the Teutonic untidiness and the Irish slovenliness which have influenced the present-day theatre are in need of some such conscientious discipline as that which lies behind Becque's pretty precision. The great fault of the Mercury Theatre production is the failure of the company to tone down its delivery to the tiny auditorium. Everybody is far too noisy and the effect is to deaden the effervescence to a great extent. Miss Jeanne de Casalis, for instance, allows Clothilde's ready wit to flash forth at intervals but somehow she never sparkles. Mr. Anthony Shaw declines to provide the facile intensity required of him by the author, but scores surprisingly well with a sort of honest bulldog tenacity.

"I Cover the Waterfront" and "Whither Germany?"
Leicester Square

The first of these films is only rescued from ordinariness for a moment, and it is a pity that this is one of cruelty. The photographs of shark-hunting are of the most brilliant realism. Apart from this, there is only the charm of Claudette Colbert between us and the welter of efficient vapidity about murdered Chinese and unpleasant journalists. A curious feature of the whole was the unremitting introduction of sadistic and masochistic symbols. *Whither Germany?* is a film with an excellent idea, lamely carried out. Purporting to represent the heyday, decline, fall and resurrection of militarism, it displays a serious gap between 1922 and 1932: the rise of Hitler is ignored in favour of his arrival. Nevertheless, it is well worth seeing. There are fascinating glimpses, one of which is that of the Kaiser shooting, before the war. This picture of Royal Bavaria is wildly rococo; a tripod for the withered arm, and hats pinched, perched and plumed as never since. Another is of the Crown Prince at Doorn; a praying mantis, riding a bicycle.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, February 2nd—
"Birthday," Cambridge Theatre.
B.B.C. Chamber Concert, Broadcasting House, 8.30.

SATURDAY, February 3rd—
Moriz Rosenthal, Wigmore Hall, 3.

SUNDAY, February 4th—
J. A. Hobson on "Can Dictatorships Survive?" Conway Hall, 11.
Szigeti, Palladium, 3.15.
Dimitrov Protest Meeting. Speeches by Dorothy Woodman, J. A. Hobson and others, Willoughby Hall, 1 Willoughby Road, Hampstead, 7.30.
William Mellor on "The Co-operative Movement's Opportunity," Transport Hall, Smith Square, 7.45.

MONDAY, February 5th—
"The Importance of Being Earnest," Old Vic.
Courtauld Sargent Concert, London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Julius Harrison, Queen's Hall, 8.15; and on February 6th.

TUESDAY, February 6th—
Dr. Herbert Read on "A Poet and a War," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
A. L. Rowse on "Socialism," Morley College, 8.
"Within the Gates," Royalty Theatre.
"Marriage is No 'Joke,'" Globe Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, February 7th—
Jan and Cora Gordon will give an Unconventional Lecture with Spanish Folk Music on Laud and Guitar, College Hall, Malet Street, 3.
John Strachey on "The Menace of Fascism," Livingstone Hall, 8.

THURSDAY, February 8th—
Miss F. I. Taylor on "Factory and Shop Acts," Morley College, 8.
Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, Queen's Hall, 8.15.
Miss Searle on "Childhood and Adolescence," 36 Gloucester Place, 8.30.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

ONE of the chief charms of reading autobiographies is the purely egotistic one of comparing the writer's experiences with one's own. Almost from the first page the reader finds himself holding up the narrative and breaking in with personal anecdotes. "So that was what your father was like! Well, mine was very different indeed and used to catch live vipers in his cap and show them to us at cricket matches."

Irrelevant footnotes of that description are added by each reader to almost every line of text and sometimes almost obliterate the original so that the one truthful thing to say about the book is that "it set me thinking about myself." Of course, this is particularly the case with early memories; the reader begins to stop such obtrusive reminiscences once the author's schooldays are over. This will not affect the readers of Lord Berners' *First Childhood* (Constable, 8*s.* 6*d.*), which ends with his leaving his private school and begins with his first awakening of consciousness:

> There was no salamander in the fire, no tolling of bells to announce some famous victory or the accession of a monarch. Much as it would enhance the interest of my story and lend it a touch of the picturesque, a strict regard for truth forbids me to connect the circumstance with any event of national or even of local importance. The conditions in which this epoch-making event in my mental career took place could not possibly have been more trivial. I was merely standing beside a table in the library at Arley, when, all at once, what had hitherto been a blurred background became distinct, just as when someone who is short-sighted puts on spectacles. Objects and individuals assumed definite shapes, grouping themselves into an ordered whole, and from that moment I understood that I formed part of it—without, of course, a full premonition of all that this exactly entailed.

* * *

I have quoted that passage at length for several reasons. The sudden awakening of consciousness, if true, is interesting and the manner of telling it, combining a touch of make-believe pomposity (a strict regard for truth) with several touches of wit and a good deal of careless writing, is characteristic of the whole book. The chief fault of the book is that Lord Berners' regard for truth is not quite as strict as it should be. One does not believe that at three and a half Lord Berners remarked that the Christmas roses in the china bowl were "slightly frost-bitten as those flowers usually are." And if that detail was added later perhaps the whole thing is a fake—merely an excellent device for getting everybody on to the stage at once. Perhaps Lord Berners only put on the short-sighted person's spectacles the other day when he was looking through the fat photograph album of family portraits. This is, I know, captious and niggling criticism of what is an extremely funny and charming book. We should be grateful to everyone who makes us laugh, and Lord Berners makes us laugh a great deal and does not hesitate to provoke our unseemly mirth at the expense of his paternal grandmother whom he calls Lady Bourchier. Indeed he pays her back handsomely for all she made him suffer as a child.

> In appearance Lady Bourchier was not unlike Holbein's portrait of Bloody Mary, with just a touch of Charley's Aunt. In fact, her coiffure might have been modelled upon that of the latter, and she wore a lace cap with two large, melancholy black bows on it, which always made me think of a couple of crows perching on the roof of a Methodist chapel. . . . She went so far as to have herself described in *Who's Who* as "distinctly low," an epithet which must have caused some surprise to those who were unaware of its sectarian significance.

* * *

And here I must plead guilty to what is really rather unsporting conduct on the part of a reviewer. I have been to the Newspaper room of the British Museum library and turned up all the ancient volumes of *Who's Who* in order to test my author and see if I can trust him. And I regret to say that I cannot. For the words with which his grandmother described her religious convictions in the pages of *Who's Who* from the year 1897, when such details were first included and *Who's Who* was first enlarged, up till her death in 1918, were not *distinctly low* but *distinctly Protestant*. And what a vast difference there is between them: the difference between the actual Victorian age and the picture of it that so much amuses us to-day. Alas, we cannot believe Lord Berners: he will say anything for the sake of the joke. His grandmother's pet birds were probably not blue tits at all but a pair of redbreasts. It is impossible to be too severe on this sort of thing, and, having detected Lord Berners in this inexactitude, I shall adopt the manners of his sadistic private schoolmaster, Mr. Gambril, by standing him up on the form and inviting all my readers to hiss at him like so many serpents. For to make such a statement about one's grandmother is surely as bad as throwing a Bible on Sunday morning. But, when we have hissed him, let us agree that in a review of a book, as at a private school, "spectacular disgrace generally produces a reaction of popularity." So it is only fair to say that though *First Childhood* is embellished with many middle-aged yet childish jokes, though it is amateurishly written and occasionally long-winded, it is one of the most amusing books that one could hope to pick up and read. The odd thing is, however, that though this picture of Victorian family life gives one nothing but pleasure, one has a distinct desire to be rather cattily malicious after one has finished with it. What is the reason? I think it is because there is a good deal of the preparatory schoolboy about Lord Berners and that he excites the same qualities in his readers. He really does make one feel a boy again, and part of the fun would be to down him. And so I do not hesitate, as a slight score, to point out that when he says of the effeminate Mr. Pratt: "His get-up, however, like that of Miss Lucy Glitters when she appeared in the hunting field, looked as if it could not have weathered even the mildest of rainstorms," he is thinking of Miss De Glancey. Miss Glitters, as all readers of *Mr. Facey Romford's Hounds* will remember, was absolutely proofed to all kinds of the very heaviest weather and was a very dashing whipper-in.

* * *

The descriptions of his experiences at his private school are particularly vivid and good just because he seems to have changed so little since he left it. The Headmaster's terrorism and cruelty, the fearful pinching and hair-pulling, canings and birchings and the agonising period of anticipation, waiting to be called to the Headmaster's study, are absolutely fresh in his mind and have not been glossed over with that careless forgetfulness of every horror which they have survived, or danger they have outgrown. This part of *First Childhood* is very good indeed. Lord Berners' battle in life was to become a musician when his mother wanted him to be a hunting man and his schoolmasters cared only to make him play games. There was no love lost between him and his music master, "who hated Bach, Beethoven and Mozart—in fact, all the classics" and used to refer to them as those boring old boys "and force his pupils to play" a mawkish effusion called "Les Cloches du Monastère." Whenever Lord Berners speaks of music a bitter, rather shrill note of anger can be detected showing through his jokes. One is suddenly faced with something far more real and vitally important than his amusing and perhaps inaccurate evocations of family life. No doubt we shall have far more of this in the next volumes.

* * *

What ought an autobiography to be? *My Life and Hard Times* by James Thurber (Harpers), which I reviewed a few weeks ago, threw a good deal of light on the problem for me. Lord Berners' *First Childhood* serves as a warning. It is not enough to be screamingly funny: it must inspire belief. Thurber's extraordinarily grotesque picture is somehow perfectly true. To keep the good qualities of both these books, to get the flavour of Thurber and the detail of Lord Berners, would be a painful and teazing ambitition. For an autobiography is a handicapping sort of book to write. It is so hard to know the truth about one's own life.

DAVID GARNETT

THE CRITIC OF CRITERIA

Studies French and English. By F. L. LUCAS. *Cassell.* 10s. 6d.

Mr. Lucas has done his best to screen these most readable essays from all curiosity by giving them such titles as: "The Martyr of Letters," "The Mystic of Memory," "The Playboy of the Netherworld." Did he think Flaubert, Proust, Beddoes not attractive enough under their own names? But do not, with natural precipitancy, shut the book. The worst is over.

Many readers, I hope, will especially delight in "Modern Criticism"—a hard-hitting essay, but not unfairly so, for it ably demonstrates that you cannot hit some modern critics harder than by simply quoting them. Take this, for instance, from Mr. T. S. Eliot: "Matthew Arnold was intelligent, and by so much difference as the presence of one intelligent man makes, our age is inferior to that of Arnold." Which, adds Mr. Lucas, "must mean, if anything whatever, either that there was one intelligent man alive in 1850, and not one now, or that by some very odd coincidence all intelligent men who have died since 1850 have been replaced by others, except one." It becomes even funnier when you consider that Mr. Eliot, presumably, *must* mean the second. Of his other opinions quoted in the essay, one, in its grand simplicity, strikes me as supreme. "There may be a good deal to be said for Romanticism in life, there is no place for it in letters." This is above comment, and gets none. Professor Read has his turn also, and from his work Mr. Lucas has extracted many good sayings, none, perhaps, more exquisite than the first of all: "I would even suggest that what is wrong with criticism to-day is not too much dogma, but too little." In the close neighbourhood of his own dicta, how engaging! But the odd thing is that even quite sensible people, meeting assertions of that kind in their native pages, swallow them whole, or nervously, deferentially, presume to modify them—never, for half a moment recognise them as pure nonsense. *Is* the story of the Emperor's new clothes a fiction? One begins to doubt it.

"My blood runs cold," says Mr. Lucas with a change of method, "at the idea of a dictator of English letters, even Mr. Eliot—what visions of hungry thousands being fed on Crashaw and Lancelot Andrewes, and even smaller Anglican and Catholic fishes! . . . This tendency . . . to turn poetry into something between a church and a laboratory, a religion and a science, seems to me horrible." And in another place, more boldly and concisely: "The religion of Art is a superstition." One may add, nearly always, for some reason, in practice a most formidably dreary one.

Mr. Lucas's advice to critics is sane, moderate and persuasive. They should have learnt, by the blunders of their predecessors, to distrust all judgments "not confirmed by long experience": they should have modesty enough to recognise their own blind spots: above all, their business is to enhance appreciation, to make the much-loved world of literature more lovely, and they will do little good by fault-finding. So much, then, for principle.

Mr. Lucas's practice, in this book, is lively, intelligent, often sympathetic, sometimes brilliant: but not, I think, nearly enough indebted to his theory. In the first place, he has a certain withdrawing attitude to English writers as such—dislike, or faint contempt, or a fear of being caught praising them. The best of his studies is on Flaubert, with Proust, perhaps, as runner-up: he praises no English writer fearlessly and heartily, except—Dorothy Osborne. Even the essay on Beddoes, after a strong appearance of appreciation, ends by saying: "His work . . . is difficult to read through. I have done so twice, and never shall again"—which allays all the good precedent, and makes the lover of Beddoes rub his eyes. It is a complete puzzle why Mr. Lucas ever chose to write about George Herbert, with whom he has evidently little sympathy, and to whom he devotes a faint, superficial essay, "untouched and inattentive," incidentally bracketing him with Christina Rossetti in a phrase which suggests that he has equally little feeling for that greater poet. The study of Crabbe is much better, though still erring well on the side of caution—but then everyone, for some inscrutable reason, patronises Crabbe. But the first essay of all, "Sweet Enemy," designed, I suppose, to give unity to the volume, seems to me a mistake from end to end: it is not very much more than a general denigration of England and of English writers, and sins, more or less, against all Mr. Lucas's own rules. What is the point of summing up Dickens, for instance, as "provincial and parochial"? Is it more liberal or modest than Professor Read's criticism of Jane Austen, against which Mr. Lucas so warmly and so reasonably protests? Is it calculated to enhance delight in literature? Does it—to go lower—even *mean* anything? "Provincial and parochial" would be an exact description of Jane Austen's own works, and would not in the least detract from her greatness: used in this way of Dickens and others, they seem to me merely adjectives of intimidation, less suited to a critical essay than to a tailor's advertisement.

Mr. Lucas has two well-marked limitations, independent of—or perhaps not quite independent of—his anglophobia. He betrays all the timidity of the sophisticated—has an acknowledged fear of ever being caught saying *O altitudo*: and moreover, he really does appear to like the neat, witty, graceful, charming, better, at heart, than any greater qualities, which would be harmless if he could resist the temptation to set them above greater qualities. This taste explains his preference for Dorothy Osborne. It also explains, I think, his view of Ronsard, whom he over-praises, and at the expense of poets so much greater that it would have been kinder to Ronsard not to mention them on the same page. It is incredible how far this modest critic will go out of his way to insult greatness. "Some," he says, "find it hard to read *La Vita Nuova* without a nauseated contempt." Mr. Lucas may discern a gulf between this remark and the "insolence" of Mr. T. S. Eliot: perhaps the virtue is in the "some."

K. JOHN

HOW WE WON THE WAR

Four and a Half Years. By the Rt. Hon. CHRISTOPHER ADDISON. Vol. I. *Hutchinson.* 18s.

This is the first volume of Dr. Addison's personal diary from June, 1914, to January, 1919. The first volume begins on June 9th, 1914, when he was Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Education, and ends on December 30th, 1916, when he was a Cabinet Minister and Minister of Munitions in Mr. Lloyd George's Government. Nearly all the books written by statesmen and soldiers who helped to win or lose the war are interesting, but at the same time curiously unpleasant. The unpleasantness comes from the characters or attitudes of the writers, whose main object appears to be to show us what fine fellows they are or that, please Sir, it was the other boy who did it. Five of these war books written by men who were famous in the years 1914–1918, if chosen at random and read from cover to cover, would cure anyone of any illusions which may be left to him about the patriotism of patriots and the competence of our leaders and rulers. Dr. Addison's book is one of the most interesting and the least unpleasant that have been published. It gains in interest over many similar works because it is a day-to-day diary, written at the moment about the details of administration; there is no furbishing up by the author in order to conceal his own mistakes, reveal those of others, or pay off old personal scores. Dr. Addison does not hide his opinion about either events or persons, but it is stated objectively; he was obviously chiefly concerned with making the supply of munitions efficient and not with climbing on to the next rung of the ladder or kicking some one else off it.

The book makes no startling new revelations about any of the major issues of the first two years of war, but it throws more light upon many well-illuminated and some obscure corners of history. The corner which makes the sorriest show, now that we are allowed to see what was in it, is, as one might perhaps have expected, that occupied by the War Office and the soldiers. Dr. Addison's day-to-day entries in his diary dealing with the problems with which the Ministry of Munitions had to struggle in its early days are the most damning indictment of the War Office which could possibly be written. The trouble with soldiers is that in all countries even to-day they form a caste, a military caste. Loyalty to the caste, in their view, over-rides all other loyalties, whether to governments or even to their country. The result is that in all armies nearly all the important posts are occupied by incompetent officers, for efficiency has to be sacrificed to "face saving" both of the caste itself and individual bigwigs. In the first year of war the supply of munitions was in the hands of the soldiers; they were completely incompetent. They took no adequate steps to find out what quantities of munitions they required or to organise its manufacture at home or purchase from abroad. The figures of the "arrears" in the supply of shells and other munitions which were extracted from the War Office by the Ministry of Munitions are almost incredible. But still more incredible is the fact that the soldiers—with some honourable exceptions—while they must have known their own complete incompetence to keep the armies supplied, did their best to conceal their knowledge from the Government and

to obstruct the work of the Ministry of Munitions when that office showed that it meant business. The reason why this incredible fact is, nevertheless, true is not because soldiers are more wicked or much more incompetent by nature than other people—they are not—but merely because they consider that loyalty to their caste and to their own positions in that caste is of supreme importance and justifies actions which in ordinary persons would be recognised immediately as ludicrous or disgraceful. You can see this again and again in the attitude of soldiers towards the efforts of Mr. Lloyd George and Dr. Addison to organise the supply of munitions, as described in these pages. And you can see the same thing again from the other side in such a book as Sir Henry Wilson's diary—the self-portrait of a soldier without any sense of loyalty to anything or any one except his caste and himself. The grim humour of the situation was that Wilson and his like were continually growling and plotting against the politicians for incompetence—the amount of incompetence to be found among the Ministers in Mr. Asquith's Cabinet was no doubt pretty large, but it was absolutely nothing to that among Wilson's colleagues. If the supply of munitions had not been taken out of the soldiers' hands and put into those of some competent politicians, civil servants, and business men, who had a sense of loyalty to the Government and were primarily concerned with getting a job properly done, we should have lost the war. Indeed, it is probable that the ultimate reason why Germany was defeated was the fact that, unlike the Allies, she left the conduct and organisation of the war entirely in the hands of her soldiers. There is no more certain road to defeat.

There are many other points of interest in this book; we have space to mention only one. It provides some good ammunition against the private armament makers. The following entry in Dr. Addison's diary on October 24th, 1916, is worth quoting in full:

> Vincent Caillard came to see me about Hichens' statement, as I was to reply on the subject in the House. The Armament people were nervous lest unwelcome details should be brought out. I assured him that I intended to be friendly and would deal with nothing but Hichens' statement, so far as giving details was concerned. The facts are that Cammell Lairds were supplying 18-pounder shells at £1 and claimed that their contract should go on at that price for the duration of the war! We declined this and they eventually accepted 12*s.* 6*d.* like other people, without making use of the provision for putting in a statement to show that their costs were higher than anybody else's.

Patriotism is a funny thing. L. WOOLF

THE AUTHOR OF "ULYSSES"

James Joyce and the Making of "Ulysses." By FRANK BUDGEN. *Grayson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The title is promising; the book, though admirable of its kind, faintly disappoints. *Ulysses* has already been potted by Mr. Stuart Gilbert (with a wealth of explanation), and to anyone who possesses Mr. Gilbert's book, or indeed has read *Ulysses* for himself, another rehash of it may seem superfluous. Three-quarters of this book tells the story again: the promised "conversations" with Mr. Joyce are neither as detailed nor as revealing as they might have been. We know already the collection of little slips of paper written over in different coloured inks, the haughty, halting approach of the exile, the bourgeois household with its family jokes and its exchange of several languages. One recognises the difficulty that Mr. Joyce is not one of those writers whom an anecdote will illuminate; his reported sayings are indeed rather drearily typical; but there are a number of interesting problems about *Ulysses* itself which could only be elucidated in conversation.

Mr. Budgen met Joyce in Zurich during the war, when the first sections of *Ulysses* were beginning to appear in the *Little Review*, and saw him daily while a great part of the book was being written. They seem to have talked a good deal together, at lunch and in the evenings, with Joyce as cicerone and *Ulysses* before them like unmapped country, but no set conversation piece emerges, and the best of Mr. Budgen's boswellisms are strolling comments.

> "I want," said Joyce, as we were walking down the Universitätstrasse, "to give a picture of Dublin so complete that if the city one day suddenly disappeared from the earth it could be reconstructed out of my book."
>
> We had come to the university terrace where we could look down on the town.
>
> "And what a city Dublin is!" he continued. "I wonder if there is another like it. Everybody has time to hail a friend and start a conversation about a third party, Pat, Barney or Tim. 'Have you seen Barney lately? Is he still off the drink?' 'Ay, sure he is. I was with him last night and he drank nothing but claret.' I suppose you don't get that gossipy, leisurely life in London?"

While the elaboration of *Ulysses* proceeds and the story brings Dublin in vivid detail before our eyes, these walks and talks in Zurich give us a charming impression of the Swiss town, its seclusion from the war, its small officials, exiled poets and artists, the lake, the blue and white trams between the trees, the smart length of the Bahnhofstrasse. Mr. Budgen records some interesting conversations which show Joyce's peculiar preoccupation with symbols—the dog, for example, as the mime among animals—and the Homeric parallel is once again stressed. There is much discussion of method, and this, too, is interesting, particularly as it bears on Joyce's musical sensitiveness. When he was writing the *Sirens* episode, in which many of the effects are deliberately contrapuntal, Joyce went to a performance of Bach's *Mass in B Minor*. This episode, as Mr. Budgen remarks, was "a field-day for the virtuoso in Joyce." He delighted particularly in reading aloud his burlesques of "the more banal tiddleypom aspects of music"—effects which must be completely lost on the non-musical reader.

But nowhere does Mr. Budgen throw new light on the creation of Bloom. This is, for me at any rate, far the most important and astonishing thing about *Ulysses*. Without Bloom, the book—despite its virtuosity—would be nowhere. Yet Mr. Budgen shows no inquisitiveness about Bloom; "in the next episode I bring my Ulysses on the scene," remarks Joyce, and Mr. Budgen accepts him. Joyce, emphatically, is not Bloom. Where did he get him from? (Nearly all the characters are recognisable to anyone who knew the Dublin of the time.) My own suggestion has been that he had the idea for this character from Flaubert, and I see that Mr. Budgen records Joyce as saying that he had read "every line" of four authors: Defoe, Flaubert, Ben Jonson and Ibsen. The influence of Defoe is not so evident, but Ben Jonson inspired the poems, Ibsen the play *Exiles*, and Flaubert a great part of *Ulysses*. One would like, however, to know more details; for Bloom, whatever his literary antecedents, is native to Dublin. Here, unfortunately, Mr. Budgen does not help.

He writes, not always critically, but with considerable intelligence and sympathy. If I have given the impression that his book, taken as a whole, is disappointing, I would be doing less than justice to him. For most readers he will provide a better and wider (though less elaborate) introduction to Joyce than was given by Mr. Stuart Gilbert. His last chapter, which advances into *Work in Progress*, is the most balanced and lucid discussion of that baffling work that has yet been written. I can recommend *James Joyce and the Making of Ulysses* as the one book on its subject which is intelligent and also readable. G. W. STONIER

SIR JOSIAH STAMP

Ideals of a Student. By Sir JOSIAH STAMP. *Benn.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Expert in two widely sundered economic arts, taxation and railroad traffic, Sir Josiah Stamp's powerful and capacious mind has driven him to seek sustenance from an ever wider range of thought and knowledge. From his vantage-ground of business experience he easily absorbed the principles of economic science and made many serviceable contacts not only with the other social sciences but with the new and disturbing contributions which the physical sciences are making towards our understanding of the world and the conduct of life. But science is not for him the supreme ruler. The humanities equally engage his thought and interest. Literature, the fine arts, politics, ethics, philosophy, sport and the lighter forms of recreation are all made contributory to the purpose of this volume. Delivered to academic gatherings, chiefly in America, these addresses are mainly directed to two related ends, the meaning and methods of the intellectual life as a contribution to personality, and the fitting of the worker-citizen for his proper place in human society.

The most solid and valuable chapters deal with the nature of research in its bearing on personal development and the advance of knowledge. Here and in the later chapters upon culture and progress we encounter a true liberality of mind not only on ultimate problems but upon the methods of handling the practical and urgent issues of our time. Sir Josiah is sufficiently impressed by the pragmatism of Professor William James to doubt our capacity to construct a completely consistent picture of life and

the universe. We must seek as much integrity as seems possible in our thinking, but must not expect too much.

The least satisfactory part of the book to some readers will be the passages which treat of the relation between ethics and the conduct of the business life. For while Sir Josiah admits that the operation of the economic system involves, especially in its monetary movements, a good deal of waste, injustice and poverty, he does not appear to admit that the dominance of the motive of individual gain-seeking in business life is itself morally injurious, or that the emergence of large unearned gains from natural or contrived scarcity is detrimental to the best working of an economic system. He doubts, indeed, whether the application of Christian ethics to a reform of business methods may not lead to a loss of economic wealth.

> The common object of moral indignation, for example, maldistribution of wealth, may well be mitigated by some methods of redistribution which our principles demand, but it is by no means certain that the total corpus of wealth to be divided, as produced under the conditions and impetus of that principle, may not be considerably less. . . . Making the world better off morally does not necessarily make it better off economically (p. 155).

He leaves unbridged this rift between ethics and economics.

J. A. HOBSON

WORK AND DAYS

Works and Days. From the Journal of Michael Field. Edited by T. and D. C. STURGE MOORE. *John Murray.* 10s. 6d.

Michael Field was the name which Katherine Bradley and her niece Edith Cooper assumed in order to get a fair hearing for the poetic dramas which they wrote in collaboration in the last decades of Victoria's reign. "We have many things to say," Katherine wrote to Browning, "that the world will not tolerate from a woman's lips. We must be free as dramatists to work out in the open air of nature—exposed to her vicissitudes, witnessing her terrors."

That not much of the "open air of nature" breathed through the lives of these two ladies appears from their letters and journals, excellently edited by Mr. T. Sturge Moore and his son. Immediately after telling Browning that she and her niece must get out into the world, Katherine Bradley adds that they have had to fight desperately for the freedom of their privacy at Clifton. The intense relation which existed between them appears to have made up to both of them for the limitations of their experience in other directions.

Katherine was thirty-two, and Edith seventeen, when they decided to live together and dedicate their lives to poetry. In this partnership of work and affection Edith supplied the masculine element, and was called Henry by the softer and more sentimental Katherine. It must not, however, be inferred that they were inimical to men. Had the men they met come up to the very high standard of emotion which they required, they might have dissolved their partnership and married. But Browning alone satisfied their exacting demands, and he was too old, being well on in the seventies when he met them.

As soon as he saw them, he was reminded of his wife, and turning to Edith exclaimed: "You do care for my wife?" giving her, she records, "such an emotional push that he nearly hurt me." Edith naturally assured him that she cared very greatly for his wife, and was rewarded with a kiss of which she writes: "His kiss comes to my lips again, as I think of him—that seal of his comprehension of one's womanhood—flawless in stamp, tender with knowledge, warm as all action is that is divine and reverent." Katherine was not forgotten in Browning's demonstrations of his gratitude for their high opinion of his wife, for she states: "There was not an inch of difference in the devotion of the old gentleman to one or the other." She adds wistfully that it went to her heart to feel "the matureness of age about him," but consoles herself with "We will have fine times with him in Paradise." One feels, however, that though Browning doubtless exerted himself to keep the difference of his devotion within the above-mentioned inch, the superior attractions of the niece were sometimes too strong for him. Once at a private view at the Academy, Edith was admiring "a beautiful, nude figure of a girl," when Browning came up. "He dragged me by the arm," she records, "and stood gazing at it, with and by me, full of many thoughts."

Except when warmed by the tropical effulgence of Browning's Indian summer, Katherine and Edith were apt to be tart about

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their male colleagues in literature. Meredith disappointed them. "The mouth," wrote Edith, "is sunk, grim—the words form in the brain and are emitted; they do not rise fresh on the lips." His whiskers pleased her better than his talk, and she praised them in Meredith's own style: "The whiskery space between beard and hair is a masterpiece—there is charming work there, in the slight suggestion of ripples of carving on the jaw and cheek. The neck carries the head well out of the coat."

Oscar Wilde delighted more than Meredith at first, but his inattentiveness to Edith at a party sent her home in a temper which eased itself in some very pointed and picturesque phrases: "There is no charm in his elephantine body, tightly stuffed into his clothes—with a grass-gorged effect—no charm in his great face and head of unselect Bohemian cast—save the urbanity he can adopt or the intelligence with which he can vitalise his ponderousness. When he shows himself as a *snob* he is disgustingly repulsive."

Ruskin, too, disappointed them. They missed in him the flawless and tender comprehension of their womanhood which they had found in Browning. There was, they said, "a speckled silliness in Ruskin's dealings with women." They tried, however, to lure him to stay with them on one of his visits to London, and received a violent reply in which he attacked them for supposing that he had so few friends as to require to be lodged by them. Katherine's answer is lost, but that it was heated may be inferred from Ruskin's rejoinder, in which he asked her if she were indeed so mad and vile as to allow herself to hate people merely because they wouldn't let her plague them.

Apart from these vivid glimpses of the great Victorians, the journal has the deeper interest of a record of an enigmatic relationship begun in a mutual love of poetry, and ending in Catholicism and death from the same terrible disease, cancer.

HUGH KINGSMILL

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

The Social Implications of the Oxford Movement. By WILLIAM GEORGE PECK. *Scribners.* 7s. 6d.

This able and attractive book is the work of one not merely interested in a fascinating historical theme but also profoundly conscious that a belief in the Christian faith means the acceptance of a criterion of values the application of which necessarily condemns the existing social order. His work is therefore at once a plea and a thesis. As a plea it is a demand for the recognition of Christian principles in the operation of secular life. As a thesis it is the argument that this recognition of Christian obligations is due to the emphasis placed upon the independence of the Church by the founders of the Oxford Movement.

The plea here set forth is, of course, a matter upon which members of the Church have themselves to make up their minds. The outsider will be tempted to inquire whether the aims Mr. Peck has in view are compatible with the Establishment, on the one hand, and, on the other, with the possession of property which "implicates" it, in James' phrase, so fully in an economic order which it is bound to condemn. He can see that the way of life Mr. Peck recommends is important to those who accept the Church's own account of its historic claims; but he will find it difficult indeed to see its relevance for those outside its fold. From this angle the value of Mr. Peck's argument is wholly dependent upon his ability to make his doctrine work in the lives of individual citizens who call themselves Christians. Here he is bound to remember that if there is Archbishop Temple there is also the Bishop of Gloucester; if there was that saint of Anglicanism, Charles Gore, there is also Dean Inge. However gallant be the plea Mr. Peck may make, the outsider finds it not unreasonable to conclude that the main voice of the Church is directed towards maintaining the present social order rather than to changing it.

The historical thesis Mr. Peck seeks to establish has both truth and untruth in it. It is unquestionable, I think, that the second generation of the Oxford Movement came to see with emphasis the social obligations of Christians; and I think it is demonstrable by the documents that they inferred from the conception of the Church as a divine society, first its independence of the State-power, and, secondly, its duty to apply their conception of its principles to the society in which they found themselves. That they possessed, as a result, social insights wholly denied to opposing schools of thought within the Church is beyond denial.

But I do not think Mr. Peck has made out his case for the first generation. Newman, certainly, was never really interested in politics at all; and all his instincts were, as Mr. Peck himself admits, conservative and aristocratic. It is to build a rather grandiose structure upon a very small foundation to show that Keble treated his peasant parishioners with dignity, or that Hurrell Froude was impatient with the Tories, or that Pusey warned his audiences against an excessive devotion to money-making. The grim fact remains that not one of the movements from 1833 to 1850 which aimed at the social emancipation of the working-classes ever awakened the slightest interest in Newman and his colleagues. Trade Unionism, the factory agitation, the humanisation of the penal code, the effort to secure a national system of education, all these produced no impact whatever upon their minds. They were wrapped up in the single question of re-establishing an authority for the clerisy, as Newman liked to call it, which could deny the right of the secular State to invade its boundaries. The roots of the Movement are complicated. Things so diverse as the Romantic revolt, the reaction from Hoadleyism, the fear of the secular implications of the French Revolution, all played their part there. But Newman and his friends, in claiming independence for the Church, were as innocent of a desire to disturb the secular social system as was Boniface VIII when he claimed the lordship of the world in the bull *Unam Sanctum*. It is significant that the social phase of Anglo-Catholicism did not seriously emerge until after 1848. Then, until our own day, the revolutionary impulse in Europe had passed; and churchmen like Dolling and Stanton could preach the doctrine of stewardship much as their predecessors in an earlier time.

No one with a keen sense of the malaise of this epoch can avoid a feeling of deep sympathy with Mr. Peck's impatience at social injustice. But he has not really faced the issue of whether his own gospel is that of his Church as a whole or of a party within it fighting nobly for an impossible cause. There are doubtless many within its fold who share his views. But are they more numerous, are they, indeed, as influential, as those, also within the fold, who either deny that Christianity has direct relevance to social problems at all, or, like Lord Hugh Cecil, manage quite easily to extract from the New Testament a pretty explicit defence of all that Mr. Peck himself regards as unjust? Lord Hugh would accept with ardour the claim of the Church to be free of all secular control. But he would deny with passion that the application of its principles can alter the property-arrangements of our society. He would drive the money-changers from the Temple. There is no evidence to suggest that he would be disturbed by their activities on 'Change.

HAROLD J. LASKI

YEATS'S COLLECTED POEMS

The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats. *Macmillan.* 10s. 6d.

A collected edition is usually monumental in its effect. We stand back to gain a new perspective or improve our angle of vision, but our movements are staid and limited. Quite different is the effect produced by this substantial volume which contains all the lyrical and narrative poems published by Mr. Yeats, from *The Wanderings of Oisin* (1889) to *The Winding Stair* (1933). The collection covers almost half a century of poetic experience, and we are curiously aware not only of a perfection in expression but of an ever-deepening art. The sensation of change is due not only to the dramatic contrast between Mr. Yeats's later manner and his earlier mood, a change which involves complex problems: it is also due to the poet's quest of perfection and his endeavour to re-create the long-accepted work of his past. Most poets leave their past to take care of itself, but Mr. Yeats has the conscience of a saint plagued by the sins of youthful years. The present collection contains all his correction to date and may, perhaps be regarded as definitive. When Mr. Yeats began to rid himself and his lines of a romantic "softness," lovers of an older convention complained, for they found, for instance, that "the Attorney for Lost Souls" was less human than "Maurya of the Wounded Heart." But Mr. Yeats has relentlessly eliminated romantic colour and folk idiom. "The Lamentation of the Old Pensioner," originally ended with the lines:

> The well-known faces are all gone
> And the fret lies on me.

The lines were pleasingly human and expressed the grieving of an old peasant forced to seek the workhouse. In the new version the "old fellow" has disappeared and we are confronted with an intellectual mood:

> I spit into the face of Time
> That has transfigured me.

February 5th

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by

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Astor Professor of English History in the University of London

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The union of Continental Symbolism with Irish traditional imagination gave Mr. Yeats's early work its fascinating degrees of significance. When the poet abandoned his "embroidered cloak," his approach towards modern problems was not unlike that of Valery to whom the symbols of poetry are algebraic rather than arithmetical value. In his later work Mr. Yeats has found an individual, and therefore inimitable, solution of the problems which a young generation is attempting to solve by ingenuity and haste, but to the task he has brought years of patience, sacrifice, and an incomparable richness of mind.

MILTON MADE EASY

Milton. By ROSE MACAULAY. *Great Lives. Duckworth.* 2*s.*

Miss Rose Macaulay's *Milton* is just the book one would expect: it sums up neatly, intelligently, with an air of wit, and a constant care—too constant, perhaps—to be amusing. Whether these are ideal qualities for a Life of Milton is debatable; but they certainly form the line of least resistance. For between the main facts of the poet's life and his expressed opinions there is at this date little but a gap, where whole tracts of character and personality ought to be: the biographer cannot hope to fill it up, but he can ignore it, and proceed (as Miss Macaulay does) to score off the simplified and rather grotesque figure he is left with. This is a light, amusing dodge: but there are two arguments against it. In the first place, it presents a Milton who could never imaginably have been called gay, cheerful, amiable, or good company: secondly, and more important, it makes no attempt to cope with the fact that he was a great man. Yet that fact emerges with dazzling certainty from his writings, more especially his prose writings: he persuades one to believe in greatness as a thing in itself. It is of no use attributing this effect of magnanimity to "splendid language," for it is produced also by Cromwell, whose command of language, at least in moments of excitement, was barely adequate to convey his meaning. No course seems open but to call it simply magnanimity, an inexplicable but glaring magnificence of soul: and when we come across anyone possessing it, whatever the accompanying drawbacks, it is perhaps better not to patronise him.

Not that Miss Macaulay is unsympathetic: only rather superior, and apt to toy with the ludicrous for a considerable time after the breath is out of it. Milton's view of women, in particular, inspires her to such a recurrence of light-hearted quips that one might almost imagine it rankled. She treats Adam and Eve as essentially figures of fun, and points out that the archangel Michael is an adherent of the Good Old Cause. Well, naturally. Is it likely that any poet, however modest, holding Milton's views on Church and State, would have given him a speech in praise of bishops and the Single Person government? There are other points on which Milton seems not indefensible. If he frequently mentions that he has great gifts, allowance should perhaps be made for the entire accuracy of the statement: and if he assumes that his personal history is of some interest—the most recent of a long series of biographers cannot conveniently demur.

A NEW ENCYCLOPAEDIA

Routledge's Universal Encyclopaedia. *Routledge.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

To commemorate a hundred years of publishing, Messrs. George Routledge issue this week a *Universal Encyclopaedia*, priced at 7*s.* 6*d.*, and described as "an entirely new reference book on an original plan." A vast amount of money and labour has gone to its production; the editor-in-chief, Mr. Lawrence H. Dawson, has used a staff of fifty experts working over a period of two years. And the result is really something new! Not only are the references up to date, and in some cases even topical, but text, illustration, inclusiveness and the brief method of description are all carried out admirably. This is a dictionary-encyclopaedia, resembling the *Petit Larousse* in general plan and appearance; but few of the entries occupy more than an inch of space. Wherever possible an illustration, either line drawing or photograph, accompanies the text; there are coloured folding maps; the detail of a modern symphony orchestra, with the instruments clearly shown and named, occupies a full page; Pascal and Beethoven are revealed in death-mask; under "Niebelunglied" one finds a drawing of the death of Siegfried taken from a mediaeval manuscript—no larger than a postage stamp but exquisite. The enumeration on the cover of the Encyclopaedia is: 1,184 pages; 31,200 entries; 3,100 illustrations; 160 diagrams; 16 coloured maps. The shabbiness of obsolete photographs and diagrams, such as one gets in guide books and many dictionaries, has been avoided completely. Scientific processes have been particularly well illustrated. Much detail, in the text of individual entries, is not, of course, to be expected: a few leading facts as a rule are stated. Some mistakes and omissions are inevitable. We are given pistachio nuts, Kipp's apparatus and a photograph of Sir John Simon; but not Shillibeer or De Rougemont. Bisque appears, but not shove-ha'penny. John Eliot, missionary and translator of the Bible into Algonquin, has taken the place which might have gone to Mr. T. S. Eliot. One notes Charles Chaplin and Edgar Wallace with satisfaction; for the rule of the book (as of many similar compilations) seems to include celebrities but to omit those who are merely popular or notorious. Lord Passfield—but why not also Ivar Kreuger? *lettres de cachet*, but no Zinoviev letter! Such criticisms, however, are trifling. This book lives up to its title, and even more than up to its price.

BUDDHISM

The History of Buddhist Thought. By EDWARD J. THOMAS. "History of Civilisation" Series. *Kegan Paul.* 15*s.*

Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*, true as well as beautiful; Fielding Hall's idealised pictures of village life in Burma; theosophist pamphlets, very charming and very inaccurate—this is all that most of us know about Buddhism. When we wished to know more we were confronted with an array of unfamiliar concepts and technical terms intelligible only to orientalists. And what, in the end, was it all about? An atheist, pessimist, nihilist system which denied the existence of God, of a soul, of a self even, which regarded extinction as ultimate bliss and to be an ascetic with a begging bowl as the highest form of life; was it worth so much hard reading to reach such a barren conclusion?

And indeed it is a mistake to idealise Buddhism. It has as many defects as other religions, and is hardly suited to Europe, for it grew up amid races which are not blessed—or cursed—with either our physical or our mental energy. It may not quite be Christianity without Christ, but it is certainly the ascetic and indeed the passive side of Christianity without the secular and active side. Yet it is not atheist or nihilist.

Look at it from the inside for a moment, through the eyes of this book; a religion is one thing, seen from the outside, another, seen from the inside. What Buddha denied was not the existence of God, but the utility of theological speculation: not the existence of the soul, but the validity of its definitions; and any modern psychologist knows the difficulty. Buddhism may regard existence as essentially evil, and have nothing corresponding to the joyous side of Christianity; but it has a serene side, and is it quite fair for religions which regard life as a vale of tears to dismiss it as mere pessimism? Nirvana, the ultimate serene where not only all passion but even all sensation has ceased, and yet existence continues, may be a contradiction in terms; but does it resemble extinction so very much more closely than our own heaven where there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage nor anything else that constitutes life as we know it?

So much for the original deposit. Later developments sometimes took curious forms. It is unfair to hold Buddhism responsible for Tantrism which, with its weird sexual magic, has about as much to do with Buddhism as Voodooism has with Christianity. But Tibet, with its supreme god surrounded by a numerous pantheon and a host of saints, a religion highly devotional, richly ceremonious and sacerdotal, is Buddhist, and it takes a good deal of reconciling with Buddha's own doctrine. Yet reconciliation there is, for no student now holds that Southern Buddhism (Ceylon, Burma, Indo-China), with its simpler and less pretentious teaching, is necessarily older or purer than Northern (Tibet, China, Japan). The belief in living buddhas is logical enough; it is inherent in the doctrine of rebirth which Buddha accepted, and in his own claim that he, mere man, became Buddha; it is, of course, logic run riot, and Southern Buddhism is just as well without it; but though it is easily caricatured—Santideva, a seventh-century living buddha, wrote *Bodhisattva Vinaya*, a manual for training in Bodhisattvaship: you might almost call it *Hints on How to Become a God*—we know enough about living buddhas to realise that some of them are every whit as

THE WORLD TO-DAY

With acknowledgements to Mr. Gollancz, who advertised a somewhat different version of it in these pages last week.

BOLSHEVISM: THEORY & PRACTICE

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much saints and thinkers as our own. Thus, this very Santideva who wrote the manual was the Thomas à Kempis of his age; is it likely that such a one was under any illusions about the religious excrescences in which he dutifully played his part, any more than a scholar and saint like the present Pope, as he stands at the High Altar of St. Peter's, mistakes the pomp and glitter around him for the religion of the Carpenter's Son?

These are only a few of the matters elucidated in this important book, and they are popularised here, as is permissible in a review. But they are not popularised in the book. Dr. Thomas is under librarian at Cambridge; his bibliography contains 200 entries; he reads not only Sanskrit and Pali, but most European languages as well, to say nothing of Greek and Hebrew; and although he does not read Chinese, he has absorbed the work now being done on Chinese Buddhism by Europeanised scholars in Japan. Impartiality is only too often another name for lack of insight; Dr. Thomas has the impartiality of the savant so steeped in his subject, so conscious of its grandeur, that he rejects the exaggerated claims neophytes make on its behalf. Just as in his great *Life of Buddha*, an earlier volume of this series, he made short work of the alleged Gospel borrowings from Buddhism, so here he indicates, by juxtaposition rather than comment, the *lacunae* in Oriental philosophies when contrasted with our own. If his book follows the Cambridge fashion in concentrating on matter rather than manner, and is hardly readable save to the student, it is none the less in the great tradition of Cambridge scholarship and will command respect wherever the English language is read.

REPORTING ROOSEVELT

The Roosevelt Revolution. By E. K. LINDLEY. *Gollancz.* 5*s.*

This is an excellent piece of journalistic reporting. The reader who is anxious for a rapid account of the first four months of Mr. Roosevelt's administration and an index to the main personalities involved could not find them more succinctly than here. Mr. Lindley knows his material at first hand; and he has a real flair for the kind of significant gossip which gives point and spice to a narrative. Englishmen, particularly, who have been poorly served by their press on the American situation, will find the book of real value.

But the book is no more than this. It is not a serious evaluation of the policies it sets out. It is a narrative for discussion, not a critical analysis. What one wants to know about the Roosevelt policies is the essential purposes they involve, the prospect of their success, the results likely to accrue if they succeed or fail. On these matters Mr. Lindley does not cast much light, though it should be added that he has not seriously sought to deal with them. He is concerned with reporting an exciting drama, not in philosophising about its implications. When he has finished his task the reader has still to look up the essential documents and to make up his mind.

To look up the essential documents. Few of Mr. Roosevelt's measures have led to more passionate hostility than his Securities Act. The reader of Mr. Lindley's book would hardly know what the pother is all about. He would learn that its final form is due to Professor Frankfurter, and that its essence is the maxim *caveat vendor*. But he would not have the very careful text of the Act before his eyes. He would not know that it is the outcome of a struggle that has been going on for a generation. He would not realise that the Act is largely based on British experience of the Companies Acts. He would not know that the main opposition to it has come from the men who cut so sorry a figure before the Senate Committee on Wall Street or from the lawyers parasitic upon them; and that even the press agitation against its clauses has been very largely inspired from these sources. Yet until the reader has these materials before him, any serious judgment upon the Act is impossible.

That does not mean that Mr. Lindley has not much of the highest interest to reveal. His account of Mr. Roosevelt himself is admirable; and if, in his portraits of the "Brains Trust," he inclines a little excessively to roseate colours, that is a journalistic extravagance that may easily be pardoned. It is good for us to know that in Miss Perkins Mr. Roosevelt has discovered one of the ablest administrators of modern times; that Mr. Ickes and Mr. Wallace are as good as any Cabinet minister America has known in a generation. He draws an amusing portrait of General Johnson; we wish he had added the important additional element that no small part of the General's mistakes have been due to his complete innocence of the labour question before he took office. He might also have emphasised more fully how much of Mr. Roosevelt's problems were due to the absence in America of a skilful and highly trained Civil Service adequate to their range. His achievement cannot be fully grasped until it is realised that he had to improvise men no less than measures.

There is also lacking in the book the historical perspective without which those measures themselves can hardly be understood. American capitalism has been intensely predatory in character; never more so than during the epoch of Coolidge and Hoover. For over a century there has been a spasmodic revolt of the little man against its habits, the last great expression of which was that progressive movement the prospects of which were destroyed by the war. Mr. Roosevelt, properly regarded, is the culmination of that revolt; and the real interest of his effort, which is in no sense revolutionary, is whether or no it has come too late. For at bottom he is trying to use political power to realign the distribution of economic authority. We do not know whether this is possible; and it is the courage and vigour which lie behind his effort which give it its dramatic intensity.

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SHORTER NOTICES

Brief History of Russia. By N. POKROVSKY. Translated by D. S. MIRSKY. Vols. I and II. *Martin Lawrence.* 7*s.* 6*d.* per volume.

These admirably translated volumes are, because they were praised by Lenin, the official short history of Russia to-day. There could be many worse candidates. They compare well, on the whole, with many textbooks still in use in our schools. They give a clear and generally accurate summary of the development of Russia, and of the economic and geographical circumstances that conditioned that development. Because the history was written while Lenin was alive, and before Stalin—worship and "bolshevisation"—had attacked the independence of revolutionary thought, the political history is honest and fair-minded. Even Plekhanoff and the Narodniki are given their due. The second volume, which deals with the twentieth century, is very full and contains surprisingly valuable material.

The book has certain blemishes. It was written originally to correct the monstrous bias of the Tsarist textbooks. Now that those textbooks are lying unopened on the top shelves that aim is superfluous, and it can be seen that it has injured the book. It is a little odd, in a history that never even reaches the great Revolution, to find that the first 500 years of Russian history (or more—all up to the eighteenth century) are packed away into one-fifth of the book. It is a *tour de force*, no doubt, but an unnecessary one, to have produced a Russian history which gives no account of Peter the Great. The famous Tsar is casually referred to, but no account of his reign is given.

Romance of the White Rose: a Jacobite Portrait Gallery. By GRANT R. FRANCIS. *Murray*. 18*s*.

If Mr. Francis had a literary gift equal to his enthusiasm for the Jacobite Cause his book would have been a marvel. But the case is far otherwise—and oh, how far! He has a respectable amount of ill-digested historical learning which he regurgitates in terms of rapid and windy complacency. The book would be worthless but for the fact that Mr. Francis has had the good fortune to discover some minor but quite interesting Jacobite documents. He found them in the residuum of the Cluny charter chest after the major contents had been sold at Sotheby's. There are two sets. The first consists of the urgent, and even threatening, letters addressed to Ewen MacPherson of Cluny by Claverhouse to get him to declare for King James, and the equally urgent and threatening letters from Sir Hugh Mackay on behalf of King William. The second set concerns a famous historical mystery—the disappearance of the French gold that Prince Charles Edward buried at Loch Arkaig before embarking for France. Cluny Macpherson, who was the official custodian of it, was for long suspected of embezzling it, but the late Andrew Lang made out a strong *prima facie* case against *Pickle the Spy*, alias Alastair MacDonald of Glengarry. Mr. Francis now publishes all that has been preserved of a correspondence that passed between Cluny and Charles Edward's agent, Major Kennedy, with regard to remitting the treasure to France. Though not conclusive, it tends to corroborate Lang's view.

The Rise of the Celts. By HENRI HUBERT. *Kegan Paul*. 16*s*.

Henri Hubert died while his history of the Celts was still in the making. Happily the bulk of the work was done, and, as M. Henri Berr in the foreword and Professor Marcel Mauss in the note they contribute explain, all that remained was to give the manuscript the form of a book. This the Professor, with the help of M. Raymond Lantier and M. Jean Marx, has done. The present volume carries the story down to the second iron age; the second will treat of the history of the Celts during that period and with the nature of their civilisation. M. Hubert's study is a monument to his industry, knowledge, lucidity of thought and precision of expression. In the Aryan dispersal, the Celts, though late in making their appearance, were the middlemen geographically, and the educators of northern Europe. M. Hubert assumes that Celts and Italici once lived together as the Iranians and Indians lived, and that the passing of the Italici south synchronised with the passing of the Goidels to these islands. Particularly attractive is M. Hubert's analysis of the peoples—Goidel, Pict, Brython, and Iberian—that went to the making of the Irish, and of the itineraries taken by these peoples to reach their final homes. Save for references to the Galatians and Tokharians, M. Hubert confines his survey to Europe; but, as M. Berr points out, he was fully aware of the growing evidence that the Celts were quite early in touch with the civilisations of Hither Asia.

Dame Madge Kendal. By HERSELF. *Murray*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

"G. G." By GEORGE GROSSMITH. *Hutchinson*. 18*s*.

The English theatre is famous for its old families, families that carry on from generation to generation the traditions of their forbears. Two such families are represented in these books. Dame Madge Kendal and her brother Tom, the dramatist, came of a long line of actors, not perhaps of great fame, but men and women who knew the traffic of the stage and brought up their children in the knowledge. Mr. Grossmith is the son of the most famous of the "Savoyards," nephew of the funniest light comedian of his time, grandson of a man well known in his day as an entertainer, and a descendant of Master Betty the "Young Roscius." When such people write their memoirs, be their years what they may, their memories cover more than the mortal span. Mr. Grossmith, of course, is still, and probably always will be, a very young man; nevertheless he can speak of his own knowledge of the past half century. Dame Madge Kendal made her first professional appearance at the age of five, on February 20th, 1854, and in the course of her career knew and acted with many of the Victorian giants; and the leading actors of that period were giants, or they could not have carried the Victorian play so often to success.

Mr. Grossmith trips as gaily through his book as he does through the comedies in which he acts, with here a good story and there a swift character sketch of the people whom he has met and played with. Better gossip of the lighter stage has not been written. Mrs. Kendal deals more seriously with the stage of her time with many a warm panegyric, and many a pertinent criticism, but always with a knowledge that is only learned in the hard school of experience. If she is inclined to

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underestimate the value of the new acting, it is perhaps because she knows that, while the actor trained in the old school can do all his juniors do, young people trained in the new way could never do what she and her contemporaries did time and again: make bad plays look and sound like masterpieces. All they wanted was a backcloth, an emotion and a situation, and you could leave the rest to them.

About Motoring

THE MORRIS TEN-FOUR

THIS small saloon, selling at £175 with full equipment, taxed at £10, capable of about sixty miles an hour, seating four adults in reasonable comfort, and averaging about thirty-five miles to the gallon of fuel, naturally makes the widest possible appeal to practical minded motorists. It is not so small that its owners have any genuine justification for sighing that it is no larger; neither is it so large that it entails extravagance in ownership. It is the perfect compromise for the private transport of a sane household. True, its engine has only four cylinders; but a modern four-cylinder is so designed that it runs more smoothly and doggedly than the sixes of a very few years ago, and the engine has a semi-elastic mounting, which prevents anybody but an expert from detecting that it is not a six. Roadburners may yearn for a little more speed, but in sober fact this car has as much speed as ordinary people are wise to use, and more than can be employed in the home counties on main roads at week-ends. The maximum speed on top is no more than sixty at the outside, but up to fifty miles an hour on top the car cruises very prettily indeed, without any obtrusive mechanical noises and without vibrations. Rises on the road slow it perceptibly on top gear under full load, but it is blessed with a very useful third gear, the ratio being so plotted that fifty is possible. This gear hoists the car into quite a different class from a three-speed version of the same type and power. A third gear which permits speeds up to fifty on slopes, and can be employed to safeguard overtaking, is invaluable. Without it, the car would frequently irritate a knowing user; but the possession of this gear compensates for inability to touch seventy on top, and for deceleration on long, gentle slopes. Simultaneously, the bottom gear has been arranged to climb any road on which the tyres can get a hold. The doors have a 20in. gap, which is ample for that lateral insinuation of the body which constitutes "entrance" on these modern carettes. The seating has good dimensions, and its angles could not be bettered, whilst the upholstery is sufficiently soft; the front seats are fitted with a quick and positive adjustment. We have all bumped our heads against metal roofs when such small cars have been hurtled incautiously over bumps and bridges, but the front passengers on this Ten-Four must be fairly lanky to suffer such a fate, as the clearance between roof and cushion is slightly more than a yard; the rear seats stand a little higher, to give good vision over the more fortunate people in front, but even they enjoy good head clearance. Moreover, the suspension of the car is quite excellent for its size, and is flanked by good steering and good brakes. When the car was first introduced about a year ago, I prophesied that it would dispute favour with all rivals at the top of its class; and it has fully justified that prophecy.

No expense or thought has been spared in the details. It is definitely a non-fume car, and its occupants will sustain no headaches if weather compels them to use it with all the windows shut. All the glass is of the safety type (Triplex), and will not blister in English sunshine. There are plenty of little places in which to stow small gear. A green sun visor of the adjustable pattern is provided inside the windscreen. It actually possesses traffic signals of excellent design, together with a stop lamp (a reversing lamp would be a valuable addition, but one cannot demand everything for £175). The headlamps are thoroughly satisfactory, both in the full-power and anti-dazzle positions, control being deputed to the usual lever at the hub of the steering wheel.

It is decidedly difficult to differentiate between the various makes of any specified size of car, but nobody should buy a nine or ten horse-power four-cylinder without sampling this Morris. When the impressions of a series of trial runs on four or five of these rivals have been concluded, the Morris will emerge with a definite personality of its own. Its special traits may be stated as liveliness, smoothness, firmness, and roominess. It does not struggle along as if it were in reality rather overloaded or under-engined, but tackles its work with zest, and holds its own on busy roads with far bigger vehicles. It does not hop about or pitch or bounce after the fashion of baby cars, but without running as if on steel rails, it can induce its occupants to forget all about road surface, unless the road surface is really atrocious. With this impression of staunchness goes a definite sense of control and purpose—there is nothing sloppy about its pulling, or its steering, or its brakes. Neither does it remind one of a turkey's egg, stuffed into an eggcup scaled for hens' eggs, after the habit of some of the baby cars, in which real comfort is absolutely forbidden to four normal adults on a hot day, even when each separate pair of passengers are devoted to each other, and inclined to treasure physical contacts.

Its durability is characteristic of the modern inexpensive "flow-production" car. In all probability nothing will give any mentionable trouble until the piston and cylinder wear begins to signal its existence by an unduly smoky exhaust, followed by an increased oil consumption, and an occasional tendency to oil a plug. Not having driven a sample to this pitch, I cannot estimate the mileage at which such symptoms may occur to an attentive owner; but it will be a longer mileage than many experienced owners would name. At this stage a comparatively inexpensive reboring job should be all that is required to fit the car for several more seasons of faithful service. The tyres should last at least 10,000 miles apiece with ordinary sensible driving. It therefore follows that where the necessary capital expenditure is possible, the ownership of such a car is by no means a costly business. The enormous popularity of these small saloons suggests that many impecunious families find such ownership to be possible. After all, car ownership on these lines involves quite appreciable economies in respect of rail and taxi and bus fares, whilst the price of licence, insurance, oil and petrol are definitely measurable in advance. Provided that garage does not cost the fantastic sums still payable in many urban areas, where no private motor house can be erected, the annual cost is ridiculously small, and particularly so when mileage is reduced to a modest annual figure, and car ownership does not entice the household to spending a deal of money at hotels and at sports meetings.

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None answered this; but after Silence spake a Vessel of a more ungainly Make:
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Week-end Competitions

Number 203

Set by V. S. Pritchett

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for an account, not exceeding 400 words, of the following: With the destruction of civilisation London has been wiped out and its ruins have been buried for 5,000 years. Write a barbarian archaeologist's reconstruction of what London life was probably like from his first discoveries on the site of the Crystal Palace. These include some empty cigarette tins, a bust of Julius Caesar, the remains of a scenic railway, a captured German howitzer, a saxophone, a row of advertisement hoardings and the score of "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf," and a copy of Marie Stopes' *Contraception* in excellent state of preservation.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Queen St., W.C.2. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, February 9th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The results of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 201

Report by Sylvia Lynd

A First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for a Letter of Thanks for a week-end visit to a Useful Hostess from a guest who, immediately on his arrival has met with a slight but disfiguring accident; has had no sleep; has caught a bad cold; has made a gaffe at tea; and from whose baggage a servant in repacking has omitted an important article of his apparel.

For success in this competition, three things were necessary: to combine a lyric note of gratitude with the record of misery and humiliation, and to imitate the manner of a real letter. Few of the competitors failed to be amusing; but few managed to fulfil all these conditions simultaneously. Some were ingenious in the invention of incident, but did not achieve the air of a letter; others omitted the fine detail of their sufferings; others assumed a too great friendliness with their hostess; others allowed a distinct hint of reproach to mingle with their compliments. A better composite letter could be made out of extracts from three or four entries than can be found in any single one of them. Thus "Non Omnia" opens with exactly the right pitch of gush and puts one into the proper frame of mind for enjoying news of an ignominious adventure for the writer:

> I want this to be something more than a mere letter of thanks for a delightful visit. You gave me, of course, the usual brilliant company and sparkling conversation that always inspire me to astonishing onslaughts upon my work when I return. . . . But there was a dashing quality about your leadership this time that made the whole party a most stimulating affair. I could not help thinking of the Parisians' salons just before the Revolution, so sublimely detached, though the world was shaking beneath their feet.

But "Non Omnia's" accident is not worthy of her opening and for that we must turn to F. B. C. Thornett who invents a good accident and manages to be disgustingly grateful about it, too:

> You were too kind about the parrot. After all, it must be a dull life being cooped up in a small cage all day. I was just unlucky to be the first person it met after it had pecked its way out of its prison. The two places on my cheek are healing quite well, though my nose is still a little painful.

Nor do the wakeful nights defeat her powers of flattery:

> I found the country air most stimulating to thought, and lying awake on Saturday night I thought of two almost complete (and, I believe, original) plots for plays. By the way, what quaint noises your hot water pipes do make! I was quite perturbed about them and got out of bed several times to make sure that there was no danger of their over-heating; but I need not have worried.

But her *gaffe* at tea was less good than that suggested by Mr. William Bliss in his nicely confused apology. I had in mind myself, for this occasion, some simple slapstick stuff like sitting down on a plateful of bread-and-butter; but I accept Mr. Bliss's *gaffe* as guaranteeing a moment's good embarrassment:

> I do hope that Mrs. Resallian (or should it be two S's and one L?) has forgiven me for my unfortunate slip at tea on Sunday, and that you, too, have absolved me. I knew of course, that she had divorced her second husband in the usual way; but I thought the child had been born well within the proper time (I mean from the King's Proctor's point of view) or I should not have put my congratulations and my chaff about christening and godfathers quite as I did.

As for the rest of the obstacles, the most ingenious method of getting over them was that adopted by Mr. Leslie Nicholls, whose letter ends:

> I am returning the eye-shade you so kindly lent me. By the way, could Beavis see whether my dinner-jacket is still hanging in the blue-room wardrobe? Please don't hurry to send it on. I have cancelled all my engagements for a fortnight. These all-too-common colds.

I therefore divide the first prize among these four competitors and award the second prize to "Thos. Truefitt," who, though not the sort of victim one would have wished, continues to keep his letter both natural and in character (and has not, I think, enclosed his address).

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 58.—FIVE CARD TRICK

A Cashier, a Colonel and a Curate were waiting at the Golf Club for a fourth.

"Here," said the Cashier, "is a little gambling game we might try." He produced three sets of cards, each numbered 1 to 5. "Each takes one set of these cards. Then one of us plays a card—any card he likes; the player on his left follows; then the third player. The highest card takes the trick—or, if three cards are of equal denomination, or two cards are higher than the third, the first played of those cards. The winner of the first trick leads to the next one; and so on. There are, you will observe, five tricks in all. The winner of the game is the player whose tricks show the highest total, when the figures on the cards he has collected are added up. Then at the end of the game we settle on differences."

The other two readily agreed to play. For the first game the Curate (given his choice) elected to play first to the first trick and the Colonel to play second.

Assuming that, when a player plays a card to a trick which he cannot in any case take, he plays the lowest card available:

(1) *Was the Curate right to choose to play first?*
(2) *Was the Colonel right to choose to play second?*
(3) *What card should the Curate lead?*

PROBLEM 56.—DR. BRAVADO'S HOME

"The Home accommodates both boys and girls, but the visitors had only time to inspect the girls, of whom some half dozen were on view."

This is intended to imply (and, in my opinion, does imply definitely):

1. That there are more than 6 girls.
2. That there are more boys than girls, and probably considerably more.

On these assumptions there will be found to be 8 girls and 22 boys.

The Bishop gives 2*s.* per boy and 7*s.* per girl—£5.
The Archdeacon gives 4*s.* per boy and 4*s.* per girl—£6.
The Stockbroker gives 2*s.* per boy and 17*s.* per girl—£9.

PROBLEM 55.—TANGENT

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: John Reilly, 8 Garnock Drive, Glasgow, N.W.

Eight points are awarded.

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One set of Low's cartoons is awarded weekly to the sender of a correct solution, selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points, a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s.* Solvers who have secured a prize on this cumulative point basis become eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150.

Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, and must reach this office not later than the Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

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The danger of neglected Colds which may lead to Pleurisy, Pneumonia, &c., is known to all. The risk may be avoided by the timely use of Quinisan. Quinisan is not offered as a cure-all. It is simply a new Quinine Salt (Quinine Bisalicylo-salicylate) with the name shortened to Quinisan, which has been found to possess remarkable properties in the treatment of Colds, Influenza and Tonsilitis, and which at the same time is perfectly safe to use. Quinisan tablets may be obtained from any Chemist, in bottles of 20 for 1/9 and in larger sizes.

Manufactured by **HOWARDS & SONS Ltd.**
(Est. 1797), **ILFORD.**

Makers of the famous Howards' Aspirin Tablets and Howards' Agotan for Rheumatism, &c.

Throat Sore?

You need

Allenburys Glycerine & Black Currant PASTILLES

Your Chemist stocks them

In tins:
2 ozs. **8d.** 4 ozs. **1/3**

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designs and builds furniture to suit individual needs and tastes and undertakes woodwork of all kinds at a moderate cost. He invites "New Statesman" readers to see specimens of his work on show in his London workshop at

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SHELTER FOOD & WORK

for great numbers of men who sorely need a helping hand are being given by The Church Army. By means of its WORK-AID HOMES and other efforts, men of all ages are sustaining their self-respect and endeavouring to become self-supporting citizens.

Church Army plans for

HELPING THE HOMELESS

destitute and unemployed could be greatly developed if more funds were forthcoming.

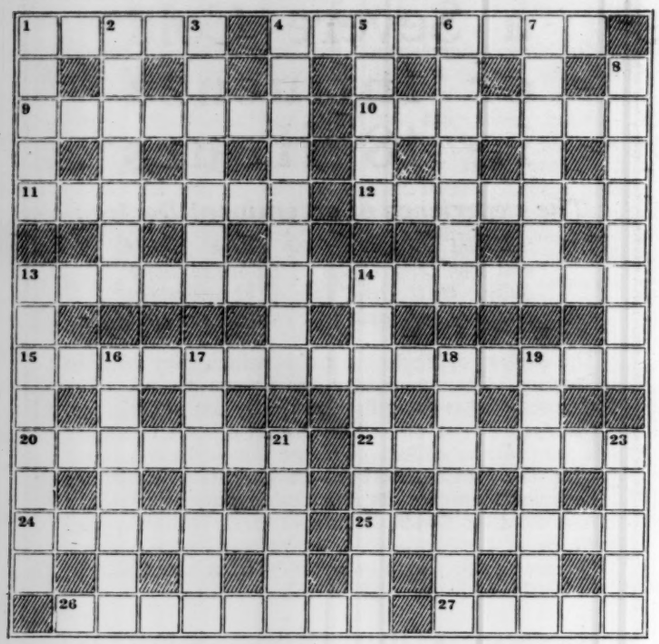
WILL YOU HELP?

Your gift, large or small, will be gratefully received by Preb. Carlile, C.H., D.D., 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

CHURCH ARMY

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 204

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Queen Street, W.C.2, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

LAST WEEK'S WINNER

Mr. W. B. Brander, 88a Gower Street, E.C.4, is the winner of last week's crossword

ACROSS

1. Necklace perhaps, yet not a necklace. (5).
4. Beastly unstable dinner service (8).
9. It's nothing to me to appear in the show (7).
10. West Indian fruit (7).
11. The starter's cup (7).
12. Have you dined ungrammatically? (7).
13. Icelandic emigrants (15).
15. Too often gives 4's head of 13 (15).
20. The Scarlet Pimpernel specialised in them (7).
22. Continuing in shoe making (7).
24. Hair so dressed presumably curls unaided (7).
25. "*Eve*, now I see thou art exact of taste, And——." (7).
26. Doubly feline (8).
27. What frequently go in 4 across to break 1 down (5).

DOWN

1. See 27 (5).
2. A member of Parliament on a French island with a leading company (7).
3. Used to be round her (7).
4. A pressing issue no doubt (9).
5. First part of a raid (5).
6. Lady smocks? (7).
7. Llama that has 2's head for a tail (7).
8. A record house (8).
13. Pearls for cowslips (8).
14. O tell me in a way that softens (9).
16. A fool again almost (7).
17. "Drag time" of course (7).
18. Author of Genesis (7).
19. Examples of them all once made a boat load (7).
21. Exclusive feminine law (5).
23. Ancient ones were told to raise their heads (5).

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

D	I	T	H	Y	R	A	M	B	I	C	■	L	Y	D
I	■	H	E	■	T	■	R	■	O	■	I	■	I	
T	A	I	■	R	A	T	C	A	T	C	H	E	R	S
E	■	N	■	B	■	E	■	I	■	K	■	■	P	
■	A	S	S	A	S	S	I	N	■	H	O	R	D	E
L	■	K	■	■	T	■	E	■	O	■	A	■	N	
E	M	I	G	R	E	S	■	D	I	R	E	C	T	S
A	■	N	■	E	■	■	■	■	S	■	K	■	E	
D	Y	N	A	S	T	Y	■	T	H	E	F	A	I	R
E	■	E	■	E	■	O	■	R	■	■	N	■	S	
N	A	D	I	R	■	D	I	E	H	A	R	D	S	■
H	■	■	■	V	■	E	■	N	■	L	■	R	■	S
A	C	K	N	O	W	L	E	D	G	E	■	U	S	A
L	■	U	■	I	■	E	■	E	■	H	■	I	■	A
L	O	R	■	R	U	R	I	D	E	C	A	N	A	L

One expects to pay a little more for a cigarette of such excellent Quality

WILLS'S

THREE CASTLES

CIGARETTES

10 FOR 8D. — *Handmade*
20 FOR 1/4 — 20 FOR 1/6
50 FOR 3/3 — *Also obtainable in other packings*

"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better brand than the '*Three Castles*.'"
—THE VIRGINIANS.

T.T. 1318

VAPEX
TRADE MARK
INHALANT
For relief from COLDS and CATARRH breathe the germicidal vapour frequently. A drop on the handkerchief by day and on the pillow at night give comfort and protection.
2/- per bottle
All Chemists
3/- double size

COMPANY MEETING

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED

Mr. McKENNA'S ADDRESS

The Ordinary General Meeting of the Midland Bank Limited was held on January 26, 1934. The CHAIRMAN, The Right Hon. R. McKenna, said in part:

In several previous addresses I have spoken on monetary policy, a subject which has necessarily involved discussion of the functions of the Bank of England. I have done so because the matter is of immediate concern to the shareholders of a clearing bank; our daily operations are directly influenced by the policy of the central bank, and the whole trade of the country is deeply affected by it. Happily, the Bank of England has acquired an unrivalled reputation for complete disinterestedness. It is actuated, not by motives of profit, but, within the limits of its independence, by its view of what is best in the public interest, and its action has therefore to be judged solely by the test of economic need.

It is now well recognised that an adequate supply of money is essential to sustained business activity. Nothing in monetary practice is more certain than that contraction of the volume of money, or even failure to secure an adequate increase, tends both directly and indirectly to put a brake upon business of every kind, and to produce the very troubles—unemployment, unremunerative commodity prices, unbalanced budgets and general depression—which have been apparent in almost every country of the world in the past four years. With expanding population and production we need some expansion in the supply of money, or it will inevitably follow that consumption will not keep pace with production. It follows, then, that the policy of the Bank of England is of the utmost concern to everyone, for no one escapes the effects of general depression and not one of us fails to benefit from sustained prosperity.

GOVERNING FACTORS IN CENTRAL BANK POLICY

So long as we were on the gold standard the freedom of policy of the Bank of England was limited by the requirement that it should maintain effective parity at the statutory figure between sterling and gold, but this restriction was removed when the Gold Standard (Amendment) Act was passed, in September 1931. The title of the Act is euphemistic—in effect it did not amend, it entirely suspended, the gold standard and along with it the principal limitation on the Bank of England's freedom of action. Even while operating on the gold standard the Bank of England had a considerable field for the exercise of independent judgment, but with the removal of the statutory obligation its powers over the quantity of money were so wide, whether in the direction of increase or decrease, as to be for practical purposes unrestricted. It therefore became urgent that the Bank of England should be given some definite guidance as to its future policy, and obviously the Government alone could have the necessary power and authority to instruct the Bank. For some time after our departure from gold, official policy in monetary affairs was uncertain, though expressed at first in definite acts of deflation. Later an expansion of the supply of money was undertaken, with admirable results, though it still remained doubtful how far this represented policy with a view to trade, and how far it was to be regarded as an incident of the needs of public finance. Last July, however, at the conclusion of the World Conference, a statement of the greatest importance was issued—I refer to the declaration of monetary policy signed by representatives of almost every part of the Empire, including the Chancellor of the Exchequer. This statement cleared up all doubts, and formally adopted the principle of a managed currency with a view to maintaining a stable price level.

This declaration may well prove to be the most important profession of faith that the world has yet had on the subject of monetary policy. It accords with an immense advance in public appreciation of the conditions of modern business life. The price level of commodities in daily use is recognised as the measure of stability in the value of money, and the maintenance of such stability as the proper objective of monetary policy. Gold is by no means to be permanently discarded, but it is not to be reinstated as the monetary standard until adequate safeguards are provided against the risk of its becoming once again the uncontrolled master. Gold will still serve its purpose in the machinery of international trade and finance, but it will be a controlled gold with a more or less stable value measured in commodities.

THE RESULTS OF MONETARY EXPANSION

The advance here recorded in our monetary ideas is very remarkable, and not less remarkable is the advance in our practice. The Government policy of cheap and abundant money, primarily embarked upon for the special object of converting national debts to lower interest rates, has been in force consistently for nearly two years. The success of the policy in maintaining the general average of prices at a level which renders production profitable is today beyond question. World trade may still be disorganised, the exchanges chaotic, international dealings hampered by prohibitive tariffs, quotas and other restrictions; yet, notwithstanding all these obstacles, often described as insuperable, the trade of this country by universal acknowledgment has for many months been making steady and gratifying progress.

The facts of business show clearly the effect of abundant and cheap money, though the steps by which it operates are sometimes a little obscure. An expansive monetary policy becomes effective through purchases, first by the Bank of England and later, on a magnified scale, by the joint stock banks. These purchases, mainly or wholly of securities, create a supply of entirely new money which passes into the hands of the sellers, who themselves become buyers of other securities or use the money in trade. A new demand is thus set up right through the whole range of securities, and the transactions give rise to profits which sooner or later will be invested or spent. The investment or spending of profits provokes a new demand for the products of industry, and gradually the effects of the monetary expansion become translated into an expansion of trading activities. Meanwhile the abundance of short-term money and the higher prices of securities encourage conversion of debts to lower interest rates, while expanding trade, both directly and indirectly through its strengthening of confidence, stimulates further capital development. Thus the flow of business runs more freely through a whole series of channels. Obviously it takes time before the new money finds its way into industry, but sooner or later, under the banking and trading conditions of this country, it must do so. The supply of an adequate quantity of money is now seen to be as certain in restoring trade and employment as the curtailment of the required supply is certain to restrict them.

These, then, are the first fruits of our new-found independence in monetary affairs, following the removal of statutory restrictions upon the central bank and their replacement by wisely conceived and clearly enunciated Government policy. It must not be overlooked, however, that the new policy of regulating the supply of money in such a way as to maintain the price level imposes a far more difficult task upon the central bank than mere conformity to the obligation to keep the pound sterling at a fixed gold value. A pure managed currency calls for a much higher degree of knowledge and judgment in action; and even if these qualities were found in full measure the task of the central bank would become impossible if our monetary system were not as highly organised as in fact it is, or if the British people were addicted to panic and hoarding.

No government or central bank, however, can move very far in advance of public opinion, and it is fortunate, therefore, that the conception of monetary stability in relation to the price level is now widely accepted by the general public. The trading and industrial community in particular no longer regard fixity of exchange rates as the true test of stability. They recognise with conviction that, while external stability is very desirable and is a proper objective of financial policy, it is secondary in importance to stability of purchasing power over the commodities we use and consume, taken in their whole range. We must not suppose, however, that the world is of one mind upon this subject. It is true that President Roosevelt's recent message to Congress lays down principles which are quite consistent with the objectives of the Imperial declaration, but generally speaking outside the British Empire the conception of a managed currency finds little acceptance; and even among ourselves there is still an important body of opinion which holds that the effort to maintain stability of the internal price level by means of monetary policy is doomed to ultimate failure.

Mr. McKenna then dealt with some of the objections commonly advanced against monetary management designed to this end, and observed:

Much of the scepticism regarding the practicability of wisely managing a currency with no fixed gold value is due to false comparison with experiences of other countries. We are warned, for instance, of the perils of inflation by reminders of what happened to various currencies in central Europe after the war, whereas in fact the warning is quite irrelevant, for the fate of those currencies was the result of irresistible pressure on governments to spend limitless amounts without regard to taxable capacity or true borrowing resources. We are told, again, that the partial disappointment in America of great hopes based largely on freedom of monetary management is a heaven-sent warning to this country to return with the least possible delay to the only sound basis, gold. Here again the warning, which grossly under-rates the improvement actually achieved in America, is irrelevant. President Roosevelt has to battle against difficulties which our authorities are happily spared. He is called upon to bring about business recovery at the same time as he undertakes great social reforms which elsewhere have taken generations to

(*Continued on page 173*)

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

MR. MCKENNA'S LEAD—THE FRANC DOOMED—SHELL UNION—LEYLAND MOTORS

OF the Joint Stock Bank chairmen Mr. Reginald McKenna again proves himself to be the most adaptable to the new order. In his speech to the shareholders of the Midland Bank on January 26th he accepted the view that fixity of exchange rates was not the test of "stability" and that "stability of purchasing power over the commodities we use and consume" must be the objective of monetary policy in the future. Currency management, he pointed out, was a commonplace under the old gold standard, but because the management was dictated by changes in the stock of gold, it was regarded as "natural." Why, he asked, should currency management, dictated by control of the price level, be regarded as "artificial"? Why should the fact be ignored that in the past two years we had enjoyed a large-scale inflation? About £300 millions of additional purchasing power had been created since February, 1932, by the Bank of England by buying, first, securities and then gold. "We have seen," Mr. McKenna said, "a revival of business accompanied by a slight rise in the price level, but as the recovery has not been attended by any of the dreaded horrors of uncontrolled inflation, no one recognises it for the deliberate inflation it really is." Our present policy, he thought, should be to maintain consistently a cheap and abundant supply of money. For the time being there is no need to concern ourselves with any metallic basis for our currency. The international situation seemed unripe for the restoration of a universal monetary standard. The following passage from his speech is written for the next Government, as well as the present:

> Our own standard, based on the general commodity price level, is the one best suited to the needs of the great masses of population throughout the world, for not only is the pound sterling readily acceptable anywhere as a means of payment but it is now managed with a view to assuring that debtors shall be called upon to pay no more in value than they have borrowed. It is true that the restoration of exchange stability is much to be desired, but if the price to be paid for this convenience is too high we must be content to defer it. Meanwhile, until the world has learned how to secure its exchange stability without jeopardy to stability of purchasing power, our inflexible task must be to demonstrate that wise management of a monetary unit with no fixed attachment to gold is both practicable and in its results highly beneficial.

* * *

The international currency problem is almost bound to complicate investment affairs in the next few months. The storm centre is now the franc. A rapidly diminishing export trade, an unbalanced budget and a political crisis are the classic signs of an over-valued currency. Indeed, the French position to-day is very similar to that of Great Britain in the summer of 1931, except that it is much more dangerous. Internally, we had no financial scandals in 1931 (saving the "bankers' ramp"), no run upon savings banks and no hoarding of gold. The present run on the savings banks in France is so serious that the Caisse de Depôts et de Consignations, which manages their funds, may find itself not only unable to support the Treasury but forced to unload its Government securities. It might be that a strong "National Government" in France, formed to balance the budget and protect the currency, would imitate its British prototype by suspending the gold standard in the first few weeks of office. Temporarily the franc may improve if the Secretary of the U.S. Treasury begins to use his $2,000,000,000 dollar stabilisation fund, just authorised, by buying gold or francs to secure the gold.

* * *

If, however, under pressure of American demand, the gold premium in the London market were to advance a shilling or two over the franc parity, arbitrage operations would bring about heavy shipments of gold from Paris to London, so that a rise in the franc would only be the prelude to a suspension of gold shipments by the Bank of France. The sterling price of gold would then be governed by the sterling rate of exchange with the next most important gold currency—and so on until every country had suspended the gold standard. Such a series of events would upset the gold share market—to go on selling francs forward may still be the prudent course to adopt for the gold shareholder (i.e., until the franc falls)—but we remain of the opinion that if the nations eventually decide to return to new gold parities, it will be on the basis of something approaching 140*s.* per ounce of gold. If we are not mistaken President Roosevelt will force the issue before long.

* * *

Attention has been drawn to Shell Union 5½ per cent. preferred shares of $100 from time to time in these columns. They were recommended even at 69 as recently as Jan. 20th. As they are now quoted as 80 they call for review. The accounts for 1933 will show a loss. Actually a loss of $9,239,000 was made in the first quarter of the year but by the end of the year this should have been reduced by about half. In the two quarters ending September a profit was made, and at the present level of oil prices we estimate that the Company is now earning its preferred dividends. There is $40,000,000 of 5½ per cent. preferred stock outstanding, the dividend requirements being $2,200,000 per year. Assuming that these dividends are now being earned, what is the prospect of dividends being resumed on the common shares of which 13,070,625 are outstanding? A rise of 1 cent per gallon on the gasoline turnover of the Shell Union used to be equivalent to $10 millions a year. On the estimated turnover for 1934 it is equivalent to about $15 millions a year. To say that a rise of 1 cent per gallon in gasoline earns a dividend of about $1 per share on the common shares is probably a reasonable guess. The common shares are at present quoted at $11¼. It is sometimes objected that 13,070,625 shares are a large issue to have outstanding, but of this total the Royal Dutch-Shell group holds 8,365,200 shares so that there are only some 4,705,000 shares in the hands of the public. Now that the scheme for the control of oil production and stocks and for the formation of a pool by the major companies to take "distress" gasoline off the market has been approved by the Secretary of the Interior the prospect of a rise in gasoline prices this spring is much less uncertain.

* * *

Leyland Motors recently startled the market by announcing a reduction in net profit from £117,116 to £20,622, which implied that not only was the ordinary share dividend of 5 per cent. not earned, but that the company was short of its preference dividend requirements by £30,565. Certain full time directors are entitled to 4 per cent. of the net profits after preference dividends, and they received last year a sum of £546! The explanation is that the appropriation for income tax of £58,807 was based on the previous year's profits, which were considerably higher. The apparent and the true position in 1932/33 together with the comparable figures for the previous year is set out as follows:—

	In Thousands.			
	1931/32.		1932/33.	
	As shown in accounts.	Adjusted.	As shown in accounts.	Adjusted.
Gross profits ..	£305.5	£305.5	£150.7	£150.7
Less depreciation	70.4	70.4	68.8	68.8
Profit after depreciation	235.1	235.1	81.9	81.9
Less:—				
Directors' fees	1.9	1.9	1.9	1.9
Full time directors' additional remuneration* ..	6.7	6.7	0.5	0.5
Income tax in respect of current year's profits ..	109.5	59.0 (say)	58.8	21.0 (say)
Earned for Pref. dividend ..	117.1	168.5	20.6	58.4
Pref. dividends (net)	51.2	51.2	51.2	51.2
Earned on Ord. Shs. (net) ..	Cr. 65.9	Cr. 117.3	Dr. 30.6	Cr. 7.2
Rate earned on Ord. Shs. (net)	9.8% gross.	17.4% gross.	Def. 4.5% gross.	1.1% gross.

* These amounts are equal to 4 per cent. of the profit after depreciation less gross Preference dividend requirements of £68,250 per annum.

This shows that the preference dividend last year was in fact fully earned. By the time this note has appeared, the Chairman's speech will have been published. We wonder whether this simple explanation of the accounts will have been given. The 7½ per cent. preference shares are at present quoted at 23/6 to yield 6.4 per cent.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED (*Continued from page 171*).

achieve; and he is required to do so largely through the instrumentality of an unresponsive banking system, and in face of the problems created by inveterate habits of speculation and occasional proneness to panic and hoarding. The position has no parellel in this country.

What, then, should be our monetary policy for the immediate future? Briefly, it should be to go on as we are going with the consistent maintenance of cheap and abundant money supplies. For the time being there is no need to concern ourselves with any metallic basis for our currency; the international situation seems unripe for the restoration of a universal monetary basis, and the gain from universality is the only consideration which should be allowed to tempt us back to a metallic standard. Our own standard, based on the general commodity price level, is the one best suited to the needs of the great masses of population throughout the world, for not only is the pound sterling readily acceptable everywhere as a means of payment, but it is now managed with a view to ensuring that debtors shall be called upon to pay no more in value than they have borrowed. It is true that the restoration of exchange stability is much to be desired, but if the price to be paid for this convenience is too high we must be content to defer it. Meanwhile, until the world has learned how to secure exchange stability without jeopardy to stability of purchasing power, our inflexible task must be to demonstrate that wise management of a monetary unit with no fixed attachment to gold is both practicable and in its results highly beneficial.

THE PAST YEAR

After dealing with the position and progress of the bank Mr. McKenna said:

The earning capacity of a bank is extremely difficult to estimate, and the task of ensuring an even and adequate return to shareholders on their initial investment—which, by the way, is far larger than the mere figure of paid-up capital—is one of great complexity. There is not and cannot be any accurate and reliable system of costing such as can be applied to a trading or industrial company, for we do not buy and sell, nor do we render services for a settled scale of fees. Our outgoings are almost entirely what a trader or industrialist would describe as "overhead costs."

Let me give you a few facts on this point. It is estimated that last year we dealt with approximately 200 millions of cheques and similar articles drawn on or paid into customers' accounts. The total of debits to customers' current accounts represented alone a sum of nearly £10,000 millions. These figures give some impression of the magnitude of services whose value cannot be expressed in pounds, shillings and pence. Again, the bank performs innumerable services—for example, the collection of coupons, purchase and sale of investments, safe custody of documents and so on—many of which are rendered free of charge and on all of which it is extremely difficult or impossible to put a price. I can best give a rough indication of their aggregate cost by quoting the figure for our staff charges, which last year exceeded £5 millions. That sum, along with all other costs and with provisions against possible losses on advances and in other ways, has to be covered in the main by the difference between what we earn on our assets and what we allow on credit balances placed with us.

The very large volume of overhead charges shows how erroneous it is to draw any inferences from direct comparisons between the rates the banks are thought to allow on credit balances and the rates they are thought to charge on advances. In particular, the London deposit rate, commonly known as "L.D.R.," is a conspicuously false guide, for that rate applies chiefly in the London area, whereas the average interest allowance on money in the provinces is considerably higher. The London deposit rate, in fact, provides no guidance at all to the volume of our outgoings on account of interest or the extent of their variations from time to time. Again, it is far from the truth to regard the rates on bank advances as representative of the rates earned on all the funds placed with the bank. Advances now amount to only two-fifths of our deposits, and the rest of the money placed with us can be employed only in ways which yield on the average far lower returns. This fact has particular force at the present time, when the proportion of advances is unusually low; but it applies in only slightly less degree at all times, for the bank must constantly maintain a large proportion of assets which, while less profitable than advances, have the virtue of greater liquidity.

I have devoted some time to these matters because of misconceptions, unfortunately common, as to the possibilities regarding "cheap money" and the precise manner in which it contributes to trade recovery. For the reasons I have mentioned—chiefly the very large volume of inelastic overhead costs—the margin between rates allowed on credit balances and those charged on advances must inevitably tend to be wider when rates in the money market are low. We endeavour to secure, by economies in all possible directions, that the margin shall not grow unduly, and competition between the banks ensures that it shall not be wider than is necessary, having regard to the maintenance of a just balance in the relative positions of the public, the shareholders and the staff. I need only observe, on this last point, that a further all-round reduction of one per cent. in the rates on advances, if existing rates on deposits were maintained, would entail either a one-third cut in salaries or almost complete suspension of dividend payments.

The Report was adopted, other ordinary business was transacted, and the proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the Chairman.

London Amusements

MATINEES
All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated

ALHAMBRA. Henry V. Weds. & Sats.

COMEDY. First Episode. Thurs. & Sat.

DUCHESS. Laburnum Grove. Th. & Sat.

GLOBE. Marriage is no Joke. Th. & Sat.

H'DROME. Mr. Whittington. Th. & Sat.

PALACE. Gay Divorce. Wed. & Sat.

PICCADILLY. Sleeping Clergyman. M.W.S.

PRINCES. On With the Show. W. & S.

ST. JAMES'. Wed. & Sat.
The Late Christopher Bean.

S.MARTIN'S. The Wind & the Rain. M.Tu.F.

SHAFTESBURY. Spring, 1600. Wed. & Sat.

VAUDEVILLE. Wed. & Sat.
The Rose Without a Thorn.

WESTMINSTER. Saturday's Children. W.,S.

THEATRES

ALHAMBRA, Leic. Sq. (Whitehall 2525).
Evgs., 8.15. Mats., Weds. & Sats., 2.30.
GODFREY TEARLE in **HENRY V**
with
BASIL GILL and FRANKLIN DYALL
D. HAY PETRIE and YVONNE ARNAUD

COLISEUM, Charing Cross. Temple Bar. 3161.
Feb. 28, 8 p.m., subs. at 2.30 and 8.15.
LUDWIG BERGER'S Stage Spectacle,
"THE GOLDEN TOY."
An Eastern Romance with Music.

COMEDY. Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30.
FIRST EPISODE.
By Terence Rattigan & Philip Heimann.
"Naughty, Definitely Amusing."—*D. Sketch.*

CROYDON REPERTORY. Fairfield 4529.
Mon., Feb. 5, for one week. Nightly at 8. Sat. 5 & 8.15.
THEA HOLME and ALAN NAPIER in
LILLA. A new play by NAOMI ROYDE-SMITH.
All seats bookable, 1/6 to 3/6. Close to W. Croydon Stn.

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) 8.30. Mat., Th., Sat., 2.30.
EDMUND GWENN in a New Comedy
LABURNUM GROVE
by J. B. PRIESTLEY.

DUKE OF YORK'S. Tem. Bar 5122.
Wed. next, 8. 1st Mat. Sat. Feb. 10. 2.30.
Y. YUSHNY'S Review.
L'OISEAU BLEU

GLOBE. Tues. next 8., sub., 8.30. Thur., Sat., 2.30.
BARRY JACKSON presents
MARRIAGE IS NO JOKE.
A New Comedy by James Bridie
RALPH RICHARDSON. GLADYS FRAZIN.

HIPPODROME. (Ger. 3272).
Evenings 8.30. Mats., Thurs., Sat., 2.30.
JACK BUCHANAN in
"MR. WHITTINGTON."
Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton, Fred Emney, K. Gibson.

PALACE, Cambridge Circus, Shafts. Ave. Ger. 6834.
Evgs., 8.30. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30.
FRED ASTAIRE in **GAY DIVORCE.**
With CLAIRE LUCE and OLIVE BLAKENEY.

PICCADILLY. 8.30. 3 Mats., Mon., Wed., Sat. 2.30.
BARRY JACKSON presents
A SLEEPING CLERGYMAN.
ERNEST THESIGER.
DORICE FORDRED. ROBERT DONAT.

PRINCES. Tem. 3633. 8.15, Wed., Sat., 2.30.
LAWRENCE WRIGHT presents
ON WITH THE SHOW.
GILLIE POTTER, BETTY FRANKISS.

ST. JAMES'. Whitehall 3903.
Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
The Late CHRISTOPHER BEAN.
EDITH EVANS. CEDRIC HARDWICKE.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. Bar 1443 and 1444.
Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Mon., Tues., & Fri., 2.30.
THE WIND AND THE RAIN.
CELIA JOHNSON. ROBERT HARRIS.

SHAFTESBURY THEATRE. (Ger. 6666).
Evenings, 8.30. Mats., Wed. & Sat., 2.30.
SPRING, 1600.
A Comedy by Emlyn Williams.

VAUDEVILLE. Tem. 4871. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
FRANK VOSPER as Henry VIII in
THE ROSE WITHOUT A THORN
by CLIFFORD BAX.

WESTMINSTER. (Vic. 0283.) Adm. 2/5 to 10/6.
Evgs. 8.50. Mats., Wed. & Sat., at 2.30.
SATURDAY'S CHILDREN
by Maxwell Anderson.
Revised for England by Cecil Madden.
Preceded at 8.30 by E. THORNLEY-DODGE.

PICTURE THEATRES

ACADEMY CINEMA, Oxford St. Ger. 2981.
Schnitzler's famous Viennese Success
"LIEBELEI"
with MAGDA SCHNEIDER.

CINEMA HOUSE THEATRE, Oxford Cir.,
Ger. 7149. The Stars of "MAEDCHEN IN UNIFORM."
DOROTHEA WIECK and HERTHA THIELE in
"ANNA AND ELISABETH"

EMPIRE Leic. Sq. Ger. 1234. 10 a.m.—12 p.m.
LAUREL & HARDY
in their newest FULL-LENGTH Picture
"FRATERNALLY YOURS"

RESTAURANTS

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